







## Autobiography

I was born in 1907, in Glendive, Montana. My father, born in Pennsylvania, is of Dutch and Irish stock; my mother, born in Miles City, Montana, of German and Irish. Both my grandmothers came to the West in covered wagons; both came with a soldiering husband and a litter of babies; both were separated from their husbands, who were, in their respective manners, gamblers and drunkards. The one grandmother, living with her children in a hut on a gumbo flat, sold butter and eggs to the soldiers at Fort Benton. The other set up the first hotel in Miles City, where the cowboys shot up the bar nightly; and when that burned down, built another hotel, and became eventually a rich woman. The one grandmother (from County Cork) had been a schoolteacher. She was stern and button-eyed. The children in our family were brought up to spankings with that grandmother's carpet-slipper. The other (a Dubliner) could not write her own name. She was a fightin' witty old woman, and told splendid lies.

My father had two years of schooling on the Sioux Indian Reservation. My mother was in the first graduating class of the University of Montana. When they were married, they went to live on the Bar-M Ranch on Red Water Creek, forty miles from a town. The coyotes howled. Indians on the warpath stalked up and demanded bread. My father could talk Indian, and his best friends were among the Indians. He was a rancher and a cowboy. Later he moved into town, set up a livery stable and a stage line, and still later went into the automobile business. He was ambitious, and made money. There were five children. We had the biggest house in town, with glass door-knobs.

I went to grammar school, high school, business college in Fargo, North Dakota, where the coal-dust sifts on the window-sills, the University of Montana, the University of Minnesota. Then my father sold his business, and moved the family to San Jose, California, thinking to get into business there on his small amount of capital. I went to San Jose Teachers College. This was a bad year for me. I took biology, and found that there was no room in the body for the soul -- that dark thing I had thought was flapping around in me. My mother was an Episcopalian, and I had been formed religiously and sternly to a gold and purple theology. On the hills in Montana, where I rode my horse, God had often come down to me out of the sunset. I had had religious ecstasies, had fainted once when I saw the face of God grinning from the top of a brass bedstead. At this time, in San Jose, I meandered morbidly from pantheism to atheism, and was so unhappy that I had hallucinations on the street -- the advertisements contracting and expanding in a terrifying manner before my eyes.

Here, in San Jose, I started to write poetry. I had always written poetry, but was never conscious of its being called "writing."

My family went back to Montana, and I was sent to Mills College. There I worked for my tuition, waiting on table in the college dining room. I was graduated in 1929, and the following year received a scholarship for study in Switzerland. In Lausanne, Switzerland, I found that my scholarship was worth approximately thirty francs, the finances des cours. I was in a class consisting of young English boys whose mothers were wintering at Vichy, old English governesses with bad French accents, who stood hard on the conditional case for politesse, and bald-headed German barons who passed me billets-doux written on unrolled cigarette papers. I was, supposedly, studying







French grammar and phonetics, a lively subject. I was alone, and knew nothing of European universities; I had been placed here by the scholarship committee. I spent my extra centimes on malaga, and pinned passages from Nietzsche and D'Annunzio above my wash-basin where the water was frozen by the wind from the Alps. The D'Annunzio was perhaps pardonable, since my feet were cold, there was a consumptive next door, and I lived on boiled potatoes and thin soup. I found a poem by Andre Gide about pomegranates, and fled to Italy.

In Florence, I lived alone and wrote; then later attended, for a few months, a private school. The private school experience was conducted by my sponsors in America. It was a school for young ladies of the "upperclass". We were asked to remember that we belonged to this class. I rather doubted that I did. Finally I left this school more or less under a cloud because I had defended the Jews in a lecture on Anti-Semitism given by a visiting Viennese professor, and had refused to apologize to him for my controversial opinion; furthermore, because I had not kissed the lap-dog belonging to the Boston lady who ran the school, and had never sent her flowers "like the other girls". She threatened to make me stay by police force, so that she might get the rest of the year's tuition (she had already had two hundred dollars in advance for the coming semester, and would not refund it). It was winter; I was going to Vienna, and had no warm clothing. I met her in a hotel, and asked her for some of the money that was due me; she asked the clerk to have me put out of the hotel. I got to Vienna by going to sleep in the dark in a second-class compartment, and escaping the ticket collector; and in Vienna, for two weeks, some American students played poker nightly in a coffee-house to pay for my pension.

The following year I spent in Austria, in Vienna and Graz, and attended university classes. I wrote three novels during this time, and had a book of poems published by Horace Liveright, in New York.

My family had been hard hit financially. I came home, went to California to try to find work. As I could find none, I returned to Mills College, and completed the work for an Master's Degree in six months, with the exception of the thesis. Then followed a period of jouncees about the country -- to Miami, where I worked at negro labor, cleaning house for philanthropic women, who, since I was a "poet", paid me half as much as they would have paid negro help; was nurse to an arthritic gentleman, making his bed, cleaning his room, and getting his breakfast and lunch, for \$2.50 a week; modeled for art classes; and took care of police dogs. After a few months of this, I went to New York with no other possessions than what was held in a knapsack on my back.

In New York, lacking carfare, I walked a hundred blocks a day looking for work, and finally got a job in the record room of a hospital. My "boss" was an insane sadistic old woman, who tried to "take me down a peg" to fit the other girls in the office. This kept me in a fever of fright. She would stand over me, shouting, "You want to keep this job, don't you? You know jobs are hard to get? Do you want to keep this job or not!" My hands trembled so from fright that I couldn't copy names in the ledger. She told me that I must be like a machine, and if I couldn't be like a machine I had better get out. All my mental activity during this time concerned imaginary punishments for this woman: I would put tacks in her bed; I would get Jean, the sculptor, and Philip, the sailor, to meet her some night in the street and roll her in the mud. My last two days in the office I was ill from terror. Then I quit.







I lived in one room, with no furniture but a mattress on the floor, some black velvet drapes (loaned me by the sculptor next door) for bed-clothes, and a few boxes. The sculptor had bored a hole in the wall, and run a cord through it, by which means I was supplied with electricity from his circuit. My dishes were ex-mayonaise jars. Sometimes I lived on oatmeal for three days in succession, sometimes on nothing. A prostitute brought me soft tomatoes once in a while. I earned a little by typing short stories in German for a very young German baron.

In looking for work, I learned that education, beyond high-school, and special training or abilities was a liability rather than an asset. On the one hand, there was the attitude of the philanthropic-minded people. At a time when I was very desperate, I took advantage of a reference given me by a friend, and called on a lady who lived at 57th Street and Fifth Avenue. This woman was very wealthy, supported a whole village somewhere in France, and was especially interested in the New York Bible Society, in the work of spreading the Christian spirit. She served me with tea and chocolate cake, and asked me to recite poetry to her guests. I had had nothing to eat for some time, and had been tramping the streets. I told her how hard up I was, and that I needed work. She was (not hyperbolically) an imbecile. When I finished speaking, she looked me fixedly in the eye, and said: "I have two boys in the country. My greatest wish and prayer is that they grow up to be good American citizens." She had not heard a word I had said. Our interview ended. Experiences of this sort I had many times, in different degrees. It was thought that I, as a poet, must enjoy and feel "nice and homey" wandering the streets without food. -- And on the other hand, in the business offices where I applied for work, I was looked on with suspicion, and thought incapable of doing "honest labor".

Finally I got a job, typing and translating, in a song-writers' trust. I worked there for eight months. It seemed to be my peculiar curse to feel oppressed by the knowledge that the work done in such an office was of an absurdly useless kind. In the first place, the trust had become a palatial and wealthy establishment through royalties from a most degenerate product, namely, popular songs. No song's popularity lasted more than three months. Millions were cranked out, and millions of people, by listening to them, were made an iota more stupid and soggly sentimental and less able to see things realistically. This was not good. In the second place, the stenographers had to "mark time" a good deal; they had to be kept on the job until more important work should come up, and were therefore employed in creating waste paper. We were told that certain things we did would be thrown in the waste paper basket. This was not good, either. I wondered why the other people in the office did not feel irked at making trash.

During this time, I got up every morning at four o'clock, and wrote until it was time to go to work. But after a while I realized that my writing was forced and worthless. This was because, the other eight hours of the day, I was also doing forced and worthless work. I was becoming an automaton with a few maniacal reverberations in my head. The sidewalks were not real. They were made of paper. All the hurrying people were not real. They had never seen a prairie sky at night. They had never been real. They were made out of words from popular songs and advertisements for over-stuffed Chesterfields. Suddenly I decided.







I got married. My husband and I left New York with \$5.41, one blanket, and a Brief-case filled with poetry; and hitch-hiked to San Francisco in twelve days.

Since coming to San Francisco, I have been thinking that poverty is a rather useless tribulation. One considers sickness, and old age, and all the other ailments that are unavoidable, and finally death; and these ailments are natural. One thinks of Man, as he first appeared on the earth, with a big brain in his head; and one thinks of all the ages he has been walking about, and studying, with this big brain in his head. And in 1934, the biggest and best thing he has created out of his head is poverty, which is an unnatural ailment. It is very strange.

Right now, I have a gardenia beside me. When I smell of it, I imagine that, possibly, there are other sensations to be had besides worry over food and shelter.



I am writing to you because I have been thinking about you  
and the time we spent together. I hope you are well and happy.  
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To Dr Paul Radin:-

- Autobiography of H. J. Zabala -

My father was a native of the Province of Biscay, Spain. He arrived in San Francisco in April 1849 at the age of 22 - and went to Monterey on the vessel that carried the news of the admission of California into the sisterhood of states. Here he entered the mercantile business and after acquiring a comfortable income married the youngest daughter of Mr. W. E. P. Hartnell, of Liverpool, England and Teresa de la Guerra y Toriega whose father was Don Jose de la Guerra, 'Comandante' of Santa Barbara, the ranking position in California at that time.

Mr. Hartnell was a resident partner of the English ~~shipping~~ firm of Hartnell, McCullough & Co., and Commissioner of the Missions of California for whom he sold all their hides, tallow and cattle and purchased all clothing, provisions, etc. He translated the laws of California from Spanish to English.







although ~~we~~ could not speak Spanish when he arrived, and before he died at the age of 56 - he was master of eleven languages, including Chinese.

It was at one of his ranches, El Alisal about 7 miles from Salinas, (where my mother was born) that he erected the first College California.

My uncle Don Pablo De La Guerra divided the State of California into its original county subdivisions.

With this introduction of my forebears, I humbly present my uneventful career.

In the little town of Salinas, Monterey County on Feb. 14<sup>th</sup> (St. Valentine's Day), the Monterey County Democrat announced that Mrs. Pedro Zabala had been presented with the largest Valentine in town; I was the subject of the article but was not aware that comical valentines were in vogue at that time.







I remained a resident of Salinas until 1916 when another eventful episode of my life took place, of which I will subsequently speak more.

I was next to the youngest of a family of five boys and four girls. I attended the schools of Salinas, graduating in the high school together with a brother a year older and was honored with the selection of Valedictorian of my class and can well remember the address which I made before an assembly of twelve hundred people.

My father sent my older brothers to Santa Clara College. After graduating from here one went to Hastings Law College and the other to Physicians & Surgeons College, Columbia University, New York City. The former became District Attorney of Monterey County and a prominent attorney; the latter became the youngest autopsy surgeon of San Francisco and died here at the age of forty-five.







4.

By this time my father decided to keep the two youngest boys home and give us a business education in the school of hard knocks. My brother decided to go out for himself and went to Mexico in the employ of the Railway Express Company, where he died a few months after arrival.

I was placed in charge of my father's cattle and farming interests, consisting of two large ranches in Monterey County and one in Santa Barbara Co., I continued in the discharge of these duties until his death in 1917.

The year 1916 I consider the epoch year of my life thus far, it was in that year that I entered upon two vocations; the results in one case were disastrous and those from the other were pleasing and successful.







In the one case I decided to enter ~~the~~ farming, from the dirt end, instead of from the landlords' side, as I had been accustomed. I farmed as high as three thousand acres, this was at the time of the World's War and labor and material were very high and together with a succession of dry years I plunged myself into debt from which I have never been able to extricate myself, and am where I am in consequence thereof.

The other vocation was that of matrimony upon which - indeed, eighteen years this month, having taken from this city a charming young lady Miss Anita J. Connor, with whom I have raised three fine boys of whom I am justly proud. Thus the first vocation has been a total loss while the second has resulted in much happiness, and hope that the harvest therefrom may affect much glory in our declining years.







From the above it can readily be seen that I have made mistakes, and I will say with the writer of an article I recently read "I am not ashamed of the mistakes but proud that I will make them or rather I am proud of the ways that lay behind them."

"I thank God for the spark of His own Divine free will! It is the greatest power and privilege of human life."

The great scientist Darwin cried, "I long for experiments, I am always making them".

Success is a pleasing experience, but you'll learn more about yourself, your world and your neighbor by one honest blunder than a thousand triumphs.

So here's to the success of my blunders and may the experiments of our beloved President bring happiness to all mankind.





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Informant, myself was born in Butte, Montana on Oct 1, 1899. My mother having died at birth, father had to take care of me and upon his securing a position in Manila Point in the civil service, I was left in S.F. In 1907 after the earthquake I was brought to Manila, and stayed there until 1911 with occasional visits of 6 months every two years to Nagasaki in Japan, and Hong Kong and Shanghai in China. In 1912 I was sent to an Irish college, St. Colmans in Cork, Ireland. In 1918 having graduated, I returned to S.F. and secured a job in the shipyards. I studied to become a mechanical engineer and later took up the study of chemical engineer, but having secured a job as clerk in the ~~Examiner~~ Examiner decided to become an accountant. I pursued night studies in this subject for five years until I was in charge of an accounting department with the Examiner. Becoming acquainted with the owner of a newspaper in Arizona, I went to Phoenix as advertising manager for his paper until he sold out, whereupon I was offered and accepted a place as advertising salesman with Fresno Republic, in Fresno, Cal. But I longed to return to St. so in July 1922 I left that terrific heat to ~~return~~ to the coolness of St. I then engaged as an insurance agent with the Metropolitan Life and for 5 years was very successful and made a lot of money.

However, the depression slowed everything up and cancellations became so heavy that I left this, it being no longer possible under their system of paying commissions to make a living. Since that time I have had jobs off and on, occasionally engaged in literary work, again in selling and whatnot. I have been able in the course of this time to learn to speak 3 languages, Spanish, Italian and French, to become married and to bear 3 children and to engage in a long and fruitless investigation of the subject of what's going to happen next.?





Thomley

Informant, myself, was born in Butte Montana on Oct 1 1899. My mother having died at birth, my father had to take care of me, and upon his securing a position in Manila PT in the civil service, I was left in San Francisco. In 1907, after the earthquake, I was brought to Manila, and staid there until 1912, with occasional visits of 6 mos every two years to Nagasaki in Japan, and Hong Kong and Shanghai, in China. In 1912 I was sent to an Irish college, St. Calmans, in Cork Ireland. In 1918 having graduated, I returned to San Francisco and secured a job in the ship yards. I studied to become a mechanical engineer, and later took up the study of chemical engineer, but having secured a job as clerk in the SF Examiner, decided to become an accountant. I pursued night studies in this subject for five years, until I was in charge of an accounting dept with the Examiner. Becoming acquainted with the owner of a newspaper in Arizona, I went to Phoenix as adv mgr for his paper until he sold out, whereupon, I was offered and accepted a place as adv salesman with Fresno Republican, in Fresno Cal. But I longed to return to SF so in July 1929, I left that terrific heat to return to the coolness of SF. I then engaged as an ins. agent with the Metropolitan life, and for 3 yrs was very successful and made a lot of money.





However, the depression slowed everything up, and cancellations became so heavy that I left this, it being no longer possible under their system of paying commissions to make a living. Since that time I have had jobs off and on, occasionally engaging in literary work, again in selling and what not. I have been able in the course of this time to learn to speak 3 languages, Spanish Italian and French, to become married and to rear 2 children and to engage in a long and fruitless investigation into the subject of what's going to happen next.

Dominick Twomey





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175 117

I was born in Fairfax township, Osage county, Kansas, April 24, 1897. I attended country school and graduated in 1910. I spent at Herndon college at Hesperia, Kansas.

I became associated in politics with the then congressman Charles

Curtis who later became U.S. Senator and then vice president of the U.S.

Later I was a member of the Kansas Republican State Central Committee in charge of the poll of the state. After election I left Kansas and travelled about the nation working as reporter city editor, managing editor and owner of various papers throughout the middle west.

In 1919 became editor of the associated press in ~~the middle west~~.

1920 left this news service to handle ~~the middle west~~.

~~South to become the editor of an important daily. I~~  
~~also, Texas as editor of the Herald. Did not like the~~

S.F. and returned to the editorship of the Associated Press. ~~filling the state and~~  
~~cost the press.~~

In 1925 returned to El Paso to cover a minor revolution in Mexico <sup>leading</sup> ~~from the El Paso~~  
~~papers~~. At the close of this <sup>I</sup> ~~again~~ <sup>southern California</sup> ~~and went to~~.  
city editor of <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ daily Independent. <sup>I remained</sup> ~~was there~~ about one year and returned to  
S.F. and re-engaged in newspaper work. <sup>A</sup> ~~few~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~years~~ back quit the news end of the  
game to go into advertising and publicity. Did well until Hoover was elected  
in 1928. Since then have been slipping until today am on the verge of starvation  
and have wound <sup>up at</sup> ~~up at~~ the S.E.R.A. working for Dr. Paul Radin for \$9.00 a week.  
The future may or may not provide a new chapter.











My father sent my older brothers to Santa Clara college. After graduating from here one went to ~~Hastings Law College~~ <sup>school</sup> and the other to ~~Physicians and Surgeons College, Columbia University, New York City.~~ <sup>a medical college</sup> ~~in the east~~. ~~He became a prominent in public affairs and attorney of Monterey county and a prominent~~ <sup>He</sup> became the youngest autopsy surgeon of S.F. ~~at the time of his death.~~ By this time my father decided to ~~let the remaining children get an~~ <sup>of</sup> education in the school/hard rocks. My brother decided to go out for himself and went to Mexico in the employ of the railway express company where he died a few months after arrival.

I was placed in charge of my father's cattle ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> of two large ranches ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> the discharge of these duties until his death in ~~1916~~.

The year 1916 I consider the epocal year of my life thus far it was in that year that I entered upon two vocations; the results in one case were disastrous and those ~~from~~ <sup>in</sup> the other were pleasing and successful.

In the one case I decided to enter farming from the dirt end <sup>instead</sup> of from the landlord's side as I had been accustomed. I farmed as high as three thousand acres. ~~This was at the time of the world's war and labor and material~~ <sup>this</sup> were very high and ~~together~~ <sup>together</sup> with a succession of dry years ~~I~~ <sup>me</sup> plunged ~~myself~~ into debt from which I have never been able to extricate myself, and am where I am in consequence thereof.

The other vocation was that of matrimony upon which I entered, <sup>ago</sup> eighteen years ~~this month, having taken~~ <sup>I married an Irish woman.</sup> ~~from this city~~ <sup>with whom</sup> I have raised three fine boys of whom I am justly proud. Thus the first vocation has been a total loss while the second has resulted in much happiness and hope that the harvest therefrom may reflect much glory <sup>upon</sup> in our declining years.

From the above it can readily be seen that I have made mistakes and I will say with the writer of an article I recently read, I am not ashamed of the mistakes but proud that I could make them or rather I am proud of the urge that lay behind them.

"I thank God for the spark of his own divine free will: It is the greatest





power and privilege of human life."

The great scientist Darwin cried, "I love fools experiments, I am always making them."

Success is a pleasing experience, but you'll learn more about yourself, your world and your neighbor by one honest blunder than a thousand triumphs.

So here's to the success of my blunders and may the experiments of our beloved President bring happiness to all mankind.





Page - 1

October 17-1924

Autobiography of  
Isom Shepard

Born in Fairfax township,  
Deage County, Kansas, April 24, 1876.  
Attended country school, graduated  
Carbondale High School 1903, two and  
one half years Washburn College at  
Topeka, Kansas.

Left college to become reporter  
on the Topeka Daily Capital owned  
by U.S. Senator Arthur Capper.  
Became associated in politics with  
the then Congressman Charles Curtis  
who later became United States Senator  
and then Vice President of the U.S.

In 1909 was member of the  
Kansas Republican State Central  
Committee in charge of the poll of  
the state. After election left Kansas  
and traveled about the nation, working





as reporter, city editor, managing editor,  
and owner of various papers throughout  
the middle west.

In 1919 became editor of the  
Associated Press in Oklahoma City,  
Oklahoma, and in 1920 left this news  
service to handle publicity for the  
Oklahoma Republican State Central  
Committee. After Harding was  
elected left that state and went to  
El Paso, Texas, as Editor of the Herald.  
Didn't like the job and quit and came  
to San Francisco and returned to the  
editorship of the Associated Press, filing  
the state and coast line news.

In 1925 returned to El Paso to  
cover a minor revolution in Mexico  
for the El Paso Times. At the close of  
this turmoil left Texas and went to  
San Diego, Calif., as city Editor of the  
Daily Independent. Was there about one  
year and returned to San Francisco.





and raising right in newspaper work &  
Few years back quit the news end of  
the game to go into advertising and publicity  
did well until Hoover was elected  
in 1935 & since then have been slipping  
until today am on the verge of  
starvation, and have wound up on  
the S E R A working for Dr Paul Raskin  
for \$9.00 a week &

The future may or may not  
provide a new chapter &

(The End)





Graham W. Place  
308 Eddy St., D.F.

Page 1.

So Why Worry  
(Autobiography)

If I were off tomorrow on a trip to the Planet Mars, I think I would write merrily to a few friends saying, "I ~~leave behind me~~ <sup>take along</sup> a slush of humor". My friends, they know me and would understand. Behind those few words is the background of a well-filled life in which there is somewhat shop-worn but still peppy old Judge has seen much, seen much, had everything, and has done plenty.

I received my first business training as a little boy in a small New England town when





My Place

Autobiography  
(2)

my good natured and over-indulgent Parents gave me a shining dime or two each week for not teasing my dear old grandmother. When I found I could not increase my income by startingly good behavior, I looked about for new fields of industry.

I wondered how my father and other men had decided what work they would do when they grew up. I didn't know then that no man controls his destiny. I met a local stock broker, much older than I, and from him I first heard about Wall St and the stock exchange. I suddenly got an idea.

Nearly all the kids





owned stamp albums, buying  
or swapping stamps among  
themselves. I thought that  
by putting our money together,  
my chums and I could buy  
more stamps and sell at a  
profit to other boys. With  
my brother's friend's guidance  
along with a deal of paper,  
~~some~~ colored ink and some  
sealing wax, I made up fifty  
'stock certificates' to sell at  
a penny each. The idea was  
to start with fifty cents, then  
if we could make as much as  
a dollar, the shares would  
be worth two cents each;  
their value from day to day  
depending upon the amount  
of money we had in a penny  
bank which served as the treasury.  
The idea worked and we soon had  
more trading in stock than in





stamps. From then on I was set on becoming a professional trader in the stock market. Truly, fate plays weird tricks.

As a young man I went to New York and found a job in a stock brokers office. I liked the work and thought I was hob-nobbing with some of the big shots whenever they tipped me a quarter or so for running their errands. I advanced rapidly enough and in a few years had made sufficient money to leave the brokerage house and commence trading for ~~myself~~ my own account. I bought a frock coat, grey striped trousers, a silk hat and a cane. I wish now I had some snap shots of myself rigged in that outfit. Still in my early twenties, I must have looked more like an underling than a stock broker. I had and still have a wanderlust which has taken



W. H. Hall

Autobiography

Page 5\*

me to many strange ports. I set out from New York on numerous one man expeditions, but sooner or later returned to the starting point. Prosperity had come too early and too easily, and perhaps it was just as well that I was suddenly snuffed out and lost everything in a bank failure during one of the short lived panics.

I sold the Christmas tree decorations I had been weaving about, and soon found myself at work in an insurance office. But the wanderlust persisted, California beckoned and I have called San Francisco my home ever since. During the roaring twenties, from 1923 until 1929, I was for the most part an insurance man. I hadn't forgotten my Wall St training, however, and the year to get back in the game grew with each day of the big bull market. I commenced trading again.





Came now September 1929  
and the Wall Street earthquake.  
Perhaps you will expect me to  
say I went flume again ~~between~~  
~~at~~ sunrise, ~~and~~ sunset. In  
the contrary my love of adventure  
had taken me on a voyage to  
the South Sea Islands from  
which I returned to San Francisco  
only a week or two earlier. I  
wanted a new automobile and  
needed money instead of stock to  
get it. I was completely out  
of touch with the financial  
situation and for these reasons  
rather ~~to~~ any claim ~~to~~ foresight  
on my part, I sold my holdings  
at near peak prices. I ~~have~~  
always have looked upon that  
car and whatever it has cost  
since as an outright gift. I  
spent freely in other ways not  
altogether selfish and continued  
to enjoy life on a bank account  
which lasted another few years.





When the economic situation clears, perhaps I'll get another break and again meet Dame Fortune. How the old lady will be greeted with open arms by all of us.

~~Intermittent~~ Meanwhile I sometimes wonder who is better off - a man who has had everything over, or the man who hasn't and cannot miss what he knows nothing about. I'll answer my own question here. I'm glad I have been places, seen much, and had everything. It has given me a sense of humor.



Louis Pollock

Observer

As requested here goes the history of my life  
Was born on the East Side of New York City  
October 12, 1893. My father had come to New York  
from Russia in 1884. He married my mother in  
New York in 1888. My father's trade was a carpenter  
and in 1894 he went into the contracting business  
with another man who was no relation but had  
the same name. His business was good and my  
earliest recollection was that there was plenty of money,  
and the entire family would go away to the country  
every summer for a couple of months. I started  
in school at the age of 5. When I was seven  
years of age there was an empty apartment in  
the tenement house in which we resided and  
together with some playmates I was playing in  
there. We finally went out on the fire-escape, 4  
stories above the street and the next thing  
I knew I was flying through the air and  
landed on the sidewalk right at my mother's  
feet who was sitting outside. A man picked me  
up hurriedly and ran towards the drug store  
on the corner. I did not lose consciousness





and begged the man not to tell my father that I had been playing on the fire-escape. When I was in the drug store the owner said that there wasn't anything he could do beside wiping the blood off my face and requested the man who carried me to take me to my house and await the arrival of the ambulance. The man started back with me, and my father who had been having his dinner when this occurred came a running and snatched from the man's arms and turned home. I was put on the dining room table which was a round one and the ambulance doctor arrived almost immediately. I could see my father walking around and around the table as the doctor was fixing my face and the doctor announced that my nose was broken. My father in his walking around the table noticed that the thigh of my right leg had become very much swollen and called it to the attention of the doctor. He pulled out a pair of shears and cut right up the middle of my trouser leg and after examining my leg said that I had a fracture and that it was necessary to take me to the hospital. I was put on a stretcher and was





2

taken away. When I arrived at the hospital they gave me some kind of a drug to put me asleep and they found that I had a compound fracture of my right leg and a broken nose and held no hope of my recovery as they thought I was also injured internally. In fact when my father together with my Uncle called at the hospital 3 hours later the attendant told them that I had passed away. They went back home and found the house full of relatives and friends and decided not to say anything until morning. At daylight the next morning my father and Uncle engaged an undertaker and they proceeded to the hospital for my remains. But, during the night I commenced to vomit and they tell me that I vomitted 3 pails of blood and other impurities which was the only thing that saved me the doctors claim. When my father arrived for my remains you can imagine his feelings when he was told that I had passed the worst and that I would probably get well. My foot was put in a plaster cast and my nose and face were all bandaged up as as you could





only see my eyes. I layed that way for 5 months when my nose was all healed but my leg was still in the cast. After 8 months they took the cast off and bandaged my leg and put a great many weights attached to my leg on the outside of the bed to stretch it as it had become shorter than the left. After 2 months of this I was helped to stand up one day and when my folks came to visit me that night I insisted on being taken home. The doctor advised that I remain in the hospital at least another week as they would teach me to walk again but I insisted so hard and made so much noise it was decided to take me home that evening. Of course there was great rejoicing when they carried me home and there was a house full of people to greet me. They finally all drifted away and I was put to bed for the night. The next morning after my father had left for his business and my brother and sisters had left for school I decided to get up and see if I could walk. At that time my mother had gone to the grocery store for something and I was all alone. I succeeded in getting out of bed and by holding on the foot of the bed managed to get





5

~~Steps~~ steps. Then feeling encouraged I decided to go into the kitchen and started the voyage. I got half way when I began to get dizzy and made a clutch at the door which I missed and fell down hard. There my mother found me a few moments later groaning. She ran for a doctor and when they had lifted me into the bed again the doctor found that I had broken my leg again. I would not go to a hospital and I was home for a full year before I got well. When I was 8 years of age they would carry me down the stairs and wheel me along the street in a baby carriage. However I regained all my strength and have never since had any trouble with my leg. I started back to school and made up the time I had lost as I had been studying the time I was home. My father's business was good all this time and he made lot of money, and in 1904 he went into the real estate business. Here he enjoyed great prosperity for a while and then with a crash he lost everything he had. My mother sold everything that was possible and we moved further uptown. My mother purchased a candy store and would wake me at 4 AM every morning to go to the elevated station to get the





newspapers which I would have to deliver before I went to school. It was a good store but it was very hard work and my father refused to do anything my mother sold it and opened a dry goods store which had an apartment in the rear in which we lived. Six months after opening this store I graduated Public School in 1906. I immediately found a job as office boy at \$4.50 per week and announced my intention to go to work. My mother consented that I work the summer only and that I go back to high school in the fall. We left it that way and I continued to work the entire summer. When fall arrived I refused to go to High School and finally consented to take a course of bookkeeping at a business school. I was now almost 15 years of age and when we found that the course would cost \$12 per month we had to drop it. My father forced me to enter High School and I went unwillingly. After six months I left home one morning and boarded a freight train and was in Albany that night where I chopped wood for my bed and meal. The next day I obtained a laying railroad tie at \$1.25 a day. It was rather hard work for a young fellow and when I drew my first weeks pay,





2

I jumped another freight train and I kept on the road until I reached Cleveland Ohio. Here I got a job as a messenger boy where I worked for 4 weeks and then hit the road. I was on the road for a few weeks and finally reached Seattle, Washington. It was the time of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition and the city was booming. I had several dollars and I bought several large galvanized pails and some lemons and ~~sugar~~ sugar and a piece of ice and set up a lemonade stand outside of the exposition grounds and in one week netted a profit of \$116.<sup>00</sup> Working around Seattle for several weeks after that being unable to find anything to do I finally signed up with a cannery company who were recruiting employees for Alaska. We left in August and it was a 12 day trip by boat. When we reached Dawson City we found that there were a great many shacks built for the employees and these shacks and the factory itself comprised almost the entire town. There were a good many foreigners among the laborers mainly Japanese Russians and Poles. Being fairly educated and being able to operate a typewriter I was made a





straw boss, that is I had charge of a gang of 18 men. The work was fairly hard and I had to face many ugly conditions and I spent 11 months there. I received \$6 a day including food and shelter and I saved almost all of it. I came back to Seattle with almost \$1800. and boarded a train (first class this time) for New York. When I arrived I found things in bad shape at home and I turned my money over to my mother which made things easier for her. During the time I was away my father had not done anything and seemed to have lost all ambition. I prevailed upon my mother to give up the store and my brother and I went to work. I obtained a job as a bill clerk in a wholesale dry goods house where we worked from 8 in the morning until 10 and even 12 o'clock at night. I worked there for 4 years and bettered my position and was making \$16 per week. Here I met my wife who would come to buy merchandise for her father who had a retail store. We were married in Brooklyn, N.Y. on a Saturday February 7, 1914 and I received a \$2 increase in my salary and every thing was nice. I continued to work in the same place and on December 7, 1914 a son was born to us and





9

we rejoiced greatly. Two weeks after he was home the firm I worked for failed and I was out of a job. I did several different jobs during the next few years with varied success and then when I was unable to find a job I decided to go to Bridgeport, Connecticut where they were making war supplies for Russia. Here I obtained a job with the Remington Arms Co as an inspector and worked until Russia dropped out of the war. During the time I was here a daughter was born to me on Dec. 12, '15. When Russia dropped out of the war my job went with it. I had been corresponding with an uncle of mine who was in Detroit Michigan and he urged me to go there. I took my wife and children to her father in Brooklyn, New York and left for Detroit alone. I arrived on a Sunday night and spent two days looking the town over and then found a job with the Fisher Body Corporation, sandpapering automobile bodies. This was rather hard work and I left them and obtained a job as a stock chaser with the Burroughs Adding Machine Co. In the meanwhile my wife and children arrived and I had set up housekeeping again. I worked here for a year and left them for





a position with the American Cas Foundry who were making ammunition for our navy. Here I was an inspector receiving a good salary and bonus which brought my weekly wages up to \$125 to 150 per week. I worked here for 5 months until the Armistice was signed and then left for New York with my family. I arrived in New York the week of Thanksgiving in 1918. I set up housekeeping and obtained a position with Grubel Bros as a despatcher. I worked here for 3 years. During this time I had interested myself in politics and was finally elected Secretary of a Democratic Club. I also was made a notary public and between the two I managed to get along. Another daughter was born to us in 1922. After that my wife took sick and it took almost every cent we had to get her well. Her father who had gone to San Francisco several years earlier had been writing us to come out and we kept putting him off. However it was getting harder every year to make a living in New York and I finally wrote my father in law that we would come out providing he sent us transportation. He did so and we left New York the day after New Years in 1925 and arrived in





San Francisco on the 6<sup>th</sup> of January. My father-in-law  
conducted a store in which he sold men's Cops  
and we took the apartment above the store and  
set up housekeeping. Then our troubles began. I was  
unable to obtain a position and walked the streets  
for 3 months seeking work. I finally obtained a  
job as a stock man with Chas. Brown & Sons  
at a salary of \$85 per month. I had told them  
I was a good shipping clerk but they had no  
opening in the shipping department. After 2 months  
in the stock room I finally got a chance in  
the shipping department. After 7 months in this  
department I was finally placed in charge at a  
salary of \$150 a month. We also had a traffic  
manager who was my immediate superior who  
received \$250 a month and who did not know  
very much. I enrolled for a course in Traffic  
Management in 1928 with the La Salle University. I  
Correspondence course. I completed this course <sup>later</sup> in  
1928 and when a change was made in the firm  
I was appointed traffic manager at a salary of \$200  
per month. I worked hard as I did the





Shipping also but I was satisfied. In 1932 when they started to cut salaries I had to take 4 cuts which brought my salary down to <sup>8</sup>1.25 per month. It remained that way until March 1933 when due to economic conditions my job was abolished altogether. I had found that I was ruptured about this time and I entered the hospital for an operation. I was in the hospital 10 days and it was decided not to operate as I had a chronic Cough which would do a lot of harm. I was advised to ~~wear~~ wear a truss which I have ever since and have not been bothered with it any more. The little money we had saved was gone by this time and we were forced to apply for relief. I was put to work in the Registration Bureau, one week out of three for which we received groceries and a check for \$3.50. I was on this relief until Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> of 1933 when I received a job on the Unemployed Relief Census in the Auditorium. I was here until Nov. 15 and was then transferred to 51 Gough St where I worked for Mrs. Doran for 2 days and was then sent to the Federal Employment Bureau as a clerk.





to interview applicants for the C. W. A. I was here from Nov. 21, 1933 until April 5, 1934 when we were all laid off. It was necessary for me to go on relief again which I did. My daughter graduated Lowell High in June of this year and expects to enter a hospital to become a nurse early next year. My son who is 20 years of age hasn't done anything since last February and I have to support the gang. I was on relief until July 24<sup>th</sup> when I was assigned to the Forestry Service at the Army Bldg. This work was not congenial to me and I reported back to my placement officer stating this fact and requesting a change. This was done and I was sent to Dr. Raden whose office at that time was in 49-4<sup>th</sup> St for an interview and was found satisfactory. On July 26<sup>th</sup> I started to work for Dr. Raden who was assigned to the Chinese Question assignment. I have been on ever since and I have learned a great deal about the Chinese People such as





their customs, their religious beliefs and their  
personal habits and also about their home  
life. Dr. Radwin's office has been moved to the  
Leche Building at Post & Grant Aves and I  
have found him and the young ladies in the  
office very cordial and co-operative and our  
relations have been friendly. I have tried at  
all times to bring in a good report and hope I  
have succeeded. I do not know any of the other  
observers personally as we appear at the office at  
different times and I only know 3 or 4 of  
the boys to say hell to. I think this covers  
every thing to date and hope it is ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup>  
what was wanted.

Lewis Wallace





By Dean Beshlich.

13.

(About myself).

I was born in San Francisco in March 1897. For this event I am supposed to be tremendously grateful but I have never been able to figure out just why. In celebration the country declared war on Spain and we annexed the Phillipines. Both of us are now beginning to realize the mistakes made in that year. And so far neither of us know what to do about it. In 1903 the family moved to Arizona. Here I started to school and began to learn about the great heritage left us by our forefathers. The school has since burned down and the American Legion is fast destroying the heritage. So the America I was born in no longer exists except in the imagination of morons and William Randolph Hearst.

Clifton Arizona was a typical western mining town. The smelters of the Copper Queen mine, A Phelps Dodge Corporation, attracted workers and the workers created the town. The population consisted of a handful of whites and several thousand Mexicans. The aristocracy of Clifton were mostly Scotch and spent their vacations in Santa Monica, Cal. The Mexicans ate frijoles and tortillas, sang Mexican songs when they got drunk and spent their vacations in Clifton when they were out of work. So for six years I lived here and learned about God in a Presybeterian Church.

In 1909 my family moved back to Oakland. A new sister had arrived so now there were four of us. And back to school I went evolving into one of the bright boys who could answer all the questions. I started to High School in 1913 made a brilliant start and then fell in love. From that moment the brilliance disintegrated and the second half year I failed in every subject. I wanted to quit, my parents were furious. However, I won and found a job with the Taylor Lumber Co. in Alameda as a stock boy in the cabinet making shop. I had no clear vision of what I wanted. As a consequence I was not happy. And my parents never forgave me for leaving school. The men in the shop to whom I brought material were cranky and old and foreign. Therefore we soon began to hate each other and in a month I quit and found a job in the Southern Pacific General Offices in San Francisco. Here I worked six months filing freight claims with the boys, hiking on week ends and holidays and drinking beer on nights when we worked late. The maiden of my heart had been yanked to another city by her parents. So there were letters and letters and more letters.

After six months I quit and began working for the Emporium repairing phonographs. The maiden of my heart had returned to San Francisco. It was beginning to evolve near the point where holding hands in the park was not sufficient. So her mother visited my father and a mighty battle ensued. Results, two broken hearts with a hearty cussing out included in my portion. Before my broken heart is mended I am vamped and ruin't by a female many many years older than I am. I become a man about town, buy a derby hat and eat my lunch at Herberts. She is very beautiful. It is love. It is going to last forever. I get layed off in the depression of 1913 and smash goes the whole works. I never quite get over this one.

I now work for the Piedmont Grocery and two other groceries in succession. I quit and work for several months on the San Francisco Bulletin in Oakland and after being mixed in a plot I am transferred to the Bulletin in San Francisco. The war is on, there is a German spy working as a reporter. He dissapears and still owes me \$3.00 for a gun I sold him. I quit the Bulletin because they chisel me and go back to work for the Buswell Paint Co in Oakland. Then to a grocery, then checking freight on the docks of the Great Northern Pacific Steamship Co on pier 7. Then somebody tosses the Preparednes Bomb right after I have left watching the parade from across the street. I get fired from the steamship job and never can learn why.

I get a job at Oakland Pier handling mail and baggage. My father





dies. I work for a year every night without a day off and pay his hospital bills and help send my oldest sister to college. I quit and get a job with the Standard Oil Co at the Richmond Refinery. Wilson declares war and I enter the army. Just before I enter the army I quit the Standard Oil and get a job on a Matson Boat and go to the Hawaiian Islands. In the army I go to Camp Kearny for 7 months. The war ends and I return to Standard Oil. As soon as the war bonus is paid I quit and go to work in the Moore Shipbuilding plant as a driller on hulls. Too many hot steel shavings go down my neck and I quit getting a job as a bookkeeper for the Chevrolet Motor Co at their plant in Elmhurst. Because the pay is too low I quit and get a job at Moores again in the blacksmith shop etc checking piecework. Here I meet a young man who has read much and introduces me to philosophy i.e. Friedrich Nietzsche. I begin to read everything. I meet the most brilliant student ever to enter U.C. and we become engaged. She dies. I quit Moores and go away to a ranch for several months near the Yosemite. I return to Oakland and determine to work at the pier nights and go to college in the daytime. I meet the instructors who my fiance thought so highly of. For a year I go to college and study literature. The work at the pier tires me out so I quit. I get a job in an East Oakland Bank. I fall in love with a girl and quit because a triangle develops and go to Los Angeles. In Los Angeles I get another job in the Pac. Southwest Bank at Glendale. The siren lures me back to Oakland. After three years of being chased around by a half-insane man with horsewhips and guns and such and such I marry the girl who presents me with about \$ thousands in bills. Like any true hero I married the girl, paid the bills and woke up a cashier in one of Gianninis banks with a tremendous deficit in my accounts. I tell my wife, then flee to Oakland, to Berkley, to Vallejo, to Sacramento, to Portland, to Seattle. Here I get a job with the Great Northern Railroad after I go eatless for 5 days. My mother writes, "A crippled Burns detective was here today", After that I see a hundred cripples every day. I live in Seattle for 3 months and then decide to come back to San Francisco and see what happens. It does. "Five Years" barked Judge St. Sure, "Probation denied". San Francisco has a nice jail. It is the one place where democracy is pure and undefiled. For 3 months 300 narcotic addicts and I are buddies. Then I am transferred to Nevada State Prison where I succeed a schoolteacher as chief clerk of the prison. The schoolteacher had forged \$14.00 in checks. I hold this job 20 months learning human nature, political science, and go through a general debunking process in everything. I write all parole papers, pardon applications and letters for prominent San Franciscans doing penance for their sins. I smuggle out letters since I have charge of the mail. I write the checks for ten bucks for the preachers who come on Sunday and spout for ten minutes to the men on God. I with ~~John~~ write to 40 newspapers for books and the warden builds a library. We get 4000 books in a very few weeks from the published letters. I write letters and letters and get out sooner than anyone ever got out before. Back in San Francisco I work for the News. I want to write but they give me a job in circulation. I detest it. My wife comes back twice and leaves twice. On her third attempt I say NO. So promptly I involve myself in a terrific affair with a fair young maiden who has made a phenomenal success of her business career. Sorry I can't give the young lady's name. At any rate this too develops into a triangle, rather a quadrangle. So I throw all my belongings into my car, head south and wire the News; give the job to an unemployed married man! I loaf in Venice and Santa Monica for two months. I work for a friend in Glendora on an orange grove for 5 months. I decide to write a novel. I begin in a very romantic manner and a poet and publisher, friends, say it is starting magnificently. A friend I love more than any other human being I ever knew dies. It is the most tremendous blow I ever received and I stop work on the novel. I return to San Francisco deciding to finish it here. I stop in Santa Monica and paint a house. I paint a house in Venice and one in Oakland. Far back in my tale I forgot to state I painted about 70 houses one year. When I get back to San Francisco there are no jobs. I refuse to ask the News for my job which I left and after my finances are gone I go on relief. While I am on re-





lief the Public Works of Art project begins. I take some poetry courses and  
 am brought face to face with the fact my novel since it is romantic is utter-  
 ly worthless. I find the revolutionary movement aborted by the world war has  
 again come to life. I study economics, read Lenin, Engels and Marx. I discover a  
 swirling fermenting America I never realized existed before. It fascinates me  
 and I mix with several groups expecting to find and make some enduring friend-  
 ships. However, I find these people distant, superior and antagonistic. And I re-  
 alize this is just one more place where I don't belong. The theories are pro-  
 found and true. ~~But I find these people distant, superior and antagonistic. And I realize this is just one more place where I don't belong. The theories are profound and true.~~ I leave and get  
 a job for the water department of the city at Millbrae. For two weeks I work  
 as a painter, two weeks as a carpenter, two weeks as a plumber and two weeks as  
 an electrician relief man during vacations. Then the job is ended and I return  
 to San Francisco again bobbing up on a S.E.R.A. project writing these things.  
 My remark on the profundity of those expounding revolutionary theories is  
 unjust to some. It applies only to certain individuals I have met and who by  
 chance I became rather closely involved with in a psychopathic case. It will  
 furnish the theme for another projected novel someday perhaps.





Wallace R. Mays

L 245

The following is a brief history of the writer drawn for the purpose of giving a short outline of incidents preceding the experiences which surrounded a two year period as overseer of coffee plantations in Guatemala, Central America.

Nationality: American  
Age: 40 years (Born April 18, 1894.)  
Race: Irish/Dutch  
Mother: Irish, she being the first child born in America of Irish parents who had emigrated to America.  
Father: Dutch of Quaker or Pennsylvania Dutch extraction.

I was born at Monogah, West Virginia April 18, 1894 where my family resided for several years and up to the time I was about two years old, after which they moved to Ashland, Kentucky where we resided until about 1909 when we moved to Madera, California where the writer continued school until 1912 and upon completion of my studies there I pulled stakes to eventually take up my residence in San Francisco, and which resulted in events that were later destined to change my whole sphere of life and carried my activities to foreign lands, which was of course little anticipated at that time.

I worked several fields of endeavor during the next two years one of which placed me in contact with one of the larger coffee importers of S.F. an acquaintance which actually resulted in my subsequently taking up a complete study of the coffee industry through all its ramifications from production through to final consuming markets all of which occurred by accident of fate rather than from any definite predetermined objective on my part for as a matter of fact it had even remotely entered my mind that through my importer acquaintance I would meet a coffee planter from Guatemala and through the good offices of the latter, secure employment in Guatemala.



The time is early June 1914 and in the course of the work I was engaged in at that time I was in the vicinity of Powell and Ellis Sts., San Francisco, and entered the Del Monte Tavern which was a combination lunch and bar place and while having lunch was somewhat surprised to see my new acquaintance the Guatemala Coffee Planter also enter the Tavern, and after the usual salutations we struck up a conversation relative to his various activities here in S.F. including his relations or better said business connections with my importer friend and it was disclosed during these discussions, that they were contemplating the appointment of a representative who could act as a mutual comptroller of their combined interests until such time as the Guatemalan should liquidate in full a certain amount pending with the Importer and in as much as I possessed a knowledge of accounting and the principal duties of this position were in that connection primarily, the fact that the Guatemalan was obliged to absent himself from the plantation for long intervals to attend to his other interests it was of course necessary that the representative also act as Overseer or Administrator during such periods the satisfactory accomplishment of which naturally required at least a limited knowledge of Spanish or so I interpreted the situation however in spite of the fact that I did not possess even the faintest idea of the Spanish language the Guatemalan upon his own initiative offered to recommend me for the appointment and which was actually accomplished and finally effected within ten days of my meeting at the Del Monte Tavern.





Conditions arising from the declaration of war in Europe caused an appreciable decline in Guatemala Exchange also at that time the larger portion of the Coffee Industry of Guatemala was under the direction of or actually owned by Germans which circumstances created considerable difficulties in connection with the disposal of their coffee in connection with business matters the Guatemelan and the writer were obliged to remain at Retaleheu for several days during which time I met an American who was stationed at this town as the representative of a subsidiary company pertaining to a S.F. firm and who in later years became associated with me in several other commercial enterprises in Central and South America and after completion of our work at Retaleheue we proceeded to San Felipe the railway terminal at that time, en route to Quezaltenango.

San Felipe was only a small town but in as much as it served as the terminal for shipments destined for Quezaltenango and also as the shipping point of coffee from the adjacent coffee regions it was always the scene of considerable commercial activity and as we had then proceeded as far as possible towards our destination by rail, the usual preparations for the horseback trip to Quezaltenango were made, covering a distance of some thirty miles, this phase of the trip was of course very interesting to me and my general outlook in reference to Guatemala had changed somewhat as we had reached an altitude of some 1500 ft. above sea level here at San Felipe with a consequent change of temperature much like our spring weather, so that which lay ahead of us was not a shock of my general mental attitude, but rather one to say anatomy for while I had ridden horseback when a child at home in the east, I did not realize that an undertaking it was a ride thirty miles at one stretch over mountain roads and therefore it doesn't require any stretch of





the imagination to appreciate the fact that I partook of my meals from the mantle the first few days after my arrival at Quezaltenango and with considerable preference over the usual customary manner.

The country through which one passes on the trip from San Felipe to Quezaltenango starting at some 1500 feet above sea level and reaching a maximum near 9000 feet above sea level as you cross the summit into the Quezaltenango Valley is one of the most beautiful stretches of country it has fallen my lot to see and at one point on this trip one passes very close to the volcano Santa Maria which was in eruption in 1902 at which time it covered the surrounding country with ashes for a radius of some thirty miles, which covered at the heights of the coffee season and was believed by many to spell disaster to the coffee industry, which however resulted in entirely opposite results, due to the fact that the pumice acted as a natural fertilizer, and the following few years were the best experienced on the plantations, I shall refer to another incident in connection with this volcano later in this review.

It is absolutely impossible to visualize the extreme contrast between the mountainous regions of Guatemala with that of the coast, Quezaltenango is some 7800 feet above sea level and possesses a temperate climate much like our late spring, though a few nights of the year during January and February the temperature will drop to the freezing point, but such occasions are so rare that no provision is made to heat the homes or buildings and during these cold spells it is quite common to see the natives lined up against the adobe walls of the buildings on the sunny sides of the street to warm themselves in the early morning sun, well all in all this was a particularly desirable



Although my school studies were only a short time removed from the incidents related herein I found it necessary to refer to the old reliable Atlas to acquaint myself with the location of Guatemala, and with this definitely clear in my mind and all the arrangements for the trip settled, rather established the whole affair as my "Great Adventure" rather than a serious business undertaking and incidentally I experienced real dissapointment when the original sailing date which was I believe July 7, 1914, was set forward to July 14, 1914 due to pending negotiations however we actually set sail, (the Guatemalan and myself) aboard the good ship City of Sydney, bound for Champerico, Guatemala and eventually the coffee plantation where I was to spend the following two years.

The trip aboard the S.S. City of Sydney was rather an uneventful one apart from the fact that had I been somewhat more familiar with ships of the sea I am sure my trip would have been indeed an uneasy one, however and fortunately I might say, I did not realize at this time that the ship was very old and was as a matter of fact making its last voyage, as the U.S. Inspectors condemned the ship on the return from that voyage but in any case this was a great show for the writer, the stops made at Guatemala were found very interesting, representing a new world of which I had read very little and knew less until that time and after about two weeks voyage we finally arrived at Champerico, Guatemala where we were to learn for the first time of the Declaration of War in Europe as we disembarked August 1, 1914.

Due to that fact that trains from Champerico to the interior were only scheduled on alternate days and August 1, 1914 happened to be one of the days no service was to be run, obliged us to remain in Champerico





over night and I must admit that this experience was a real shock for up to this time I had accepted or take it for granted that good hotel accomodations and food were to be obtained any place after the custom or manner as prevails in America and therefore I was hardly prepared to adjust myself to conditions found in Champerico and which frame of mind was not materially assisted by the fact that the Guatemalan and others disembarking with us, sensing my rather distressed attitude immediately began to paint a rather dark picture of the interior of Guatemala, describing such conditions as being very similiar to those of Champerico and I admit that my sense of humor had taken a stroll, under the impressions the conditions of Champerico had left with me and when dinner was served that night with frijoles (beans) mashed Spanish style, plantains, tortillos and other typical Guatemalan dishes, the accompanying travellers did not permit me to remain behind my feigned lack of appetite, but instead after the custom exercised with most tender feet they laid it on heavy with the consequence I was a thoroughly miserable individual that night, and quite disposed to await and embark on the next boat north bound for S.F. However I had originally accepted this as my real adventure and such it would be regardless of first impressions and therefore after due reflection I realized that if those about me felt disposed to adapt themselves to such conditions well I too could fall into line therefore pride plus a little fortitude forced me to go through with the plans and so the following day found us aboard the train bound for Retalhue, a small town about twenty miles in the interior, which was our first scheduled stop en route to the plantations.





place to me and it was with considerable reluctance that I received the news that we were to leave for the coffee plantations, yet our mission was one of business and the coffee crop which begins late August or first of September was closely approaching, therefore the Guatemalan's presence was required at the plantations to conclude the preparations for gathering the crop and after a very enjoyable ten days at Quezaltenango we are on our way again, this time for our final destination, the coffee plantation which was located about thirty miles north west of Quezaltenango where I assumed the duties of my new work and which confined me to this plantation for approximately ten years.

I have never lived before nor since in a more comfortable place than at that plantation which located at an altitude of some 3300 feet possessess a wonderfully temperate climate and this together with a speacious house with all modern conveniences for the time, left little to be desired as far as general living conditions were concnered, and with very detail in connection with the maintainece of the home fully taken care of, left us free to carry on our work without the slightest interruption and therefore the next in order was to assume the duties of my work and in connection with which I can very truthfully say I encountered no end of difficulties for the first few months, and I hope that I shall never again experience such an isolated and lonesome six months as my first six at that place proved to be.

I was of course under the impression that the Guatemalan would remain at the plantation during the crop season or at least sufficient time to permit me to familiarize myself with the accounts and acquire sufficient knowledge of Spanish to enable me to reconcile such accounts



without having to translate each entry by reference to my Spanish texts, which occurred to me to be the only method that they could be accomplished in an orderly manner so one can readily appreciate my surprise when about two weeks after our arrival at the plantation the Guatemalan was called away on business and only returned for a stay of about two weeks during the next seven months which action on his part did not materially affect the next seven months but left me struggling to accomplish my work and that of the other Principals without the slightest knowledge of Spanish and not a single English speaking person outside of myself within six miles of our location and I must admit that on many occasions while I seated on the wide veranda of the home during the early hours of the evening, I contemplated retracing my tracks to good old Frisco, and leave this isolated life but the determination to carry out my part of the bargain which I had in reality accepted, fully realizing the deficiency of the language problem, invariably influenced me to stand by the ship and of the little incident in connection with the volcano Santa Maria almost prompted me to abandon the country even against my desire to comply with the agreement.

One evening about two months after my arrival at the plantation I was seated on the front veranda when I heard a rumbling noise similar to that of distant thunder I immediately proceeded into the road in order to have a clear vision of the sky, which was obstructed by the large trees of the front garden, and to my surprise there was a hardy cloud in the sky and I tried to analyze this occurrence, never once thinking of the volcano and still being unable to converse in Spanish





except with my texts at hand could not readily inquire from the attendants as to the source of such noise, however my curiosity getting the best of me, I got the old trusty book and contacted the bookkeeper and inquired, his reply being that it was nothing but the volcano, that it happened frequently and was nothing to be concerned about, and I admit that I could not share his disinterested attitude towards what to me was a very dangerous situation as to me this indicated that there was a possibility of a new eruption, and if such should happen I certainly wanted to be as far away from that part of the world as possible, then following this rumbling by about one hour there was a severe earthquake and the combination of the two caused me a restless night and almost ended my sojourn in Guatemala, but here again these people thought nothing of such occurrences, so following suit I also assumed the same attitude and though I heard this on repeated occasions thereafter no eruption occurred until about 1928 and this not at all violent.

The old saying that "necessity is the mother of invention" certainly held true in my efforts to adjust myself to the circumstances under which I was thrown at this plantation and it was not a matter of whether I wanted to learn Spanish or not, but rather one of obligation for two reasons, first to accomplish my work and secondly to be able to converse with the people on the plantation and thus offset in part the lonesome life I was leading there, therefore I spent from five to eight hours daily studying a Cortina Grammar and text book for sometime, but with only limited success as far as acquiring a practical knowledge of Spanish and from this experience I learned that the most difficult if not quite impossible task is to memorize a vocabulary of study only, therefore I hit upon the idea of selecting some fifty of the most commonly used





English words which I would write out first in English and following same with the Spanish equivalent the latter which I would write out five times each, pronouncing each letter and the word out loudly, as closely approaching the Spanish equivalent pronunciation as possible which procedure I carried through religiously for some six months and as I took about 50 words daily, upon the completion of this study I would immediately corral the first attendant available and open an conversation for the purpose of training my ear to the Spanish pronunciation and at the same time acquire practical use of the current days vocabulary as well as the accumulated vocabulary of previous studies and following this system I found that after three months I could carry on a conversation with reference to usual topics and within six months was able to converse quite at length on most any subject, but it required about two years for me to acquire sufficient command of the language to discontinue the practice of translating from English to Spanish as I spoke or in other words to completely revert to Spanish and construct all speech from this language rather than in English.

Well so much for that part of my experiences which ushered me into this new field of work and it occurs to me that a short outline here describing the plantation, the work in connection herewith, and the labor which performs it is in order. This plantation was of about 200 acres of which about 180 acres was planted to coffee the balance being divided into pastures, truck gardens, house yard, drying yards, and preparation plants. With an annual coffee production of some 2800 quintales or CWT averaged from year to year.



It is customary to maintain from 80 to 100 laborers on this plantation, whose duties are principally to effect such work as required for the general maintainance of the property such as cultivation pruning, replacement of trees, maintainence of nurseries, and while this labor during the crop season must of course lend a hand to the gathering of the crop, during the warmer periods the crop ripens so fast that a large portion with mature and fall to the ground before it can be gathered, consequently it is necessary to increase the number of laborers to around 400 during the height of the season to avoid crop losses, therefore to secure this additional labor several labor contractors or foremen are detailed to proceed to the interior and contract the Indian laborers who are brought to the plantation for a period of from four to six months or duration of the cropseason which can be calculated to run from the first of September through to February and sometimes inclusive of the latter month if the weather remains cool.

The occasional or seasonal labor is contracted among the various Indian tribes which inhabit the north eastern portion of Guatemala or that region which lies immediately south of the Yucatan peninsula of Mexico and although the distance between the various Indian settlements is relatively short, the general characteristics of these Indians vary to such an extent that one could easily believe that continents separated them rather than a few hundred or less miles and their stature and color ranges from the short to medium and dark or black to red, the presence of such dark skin showing probably a very predominant strain of the Carib Negro strain, then on the other hand some of these tribes possess a reddish skin resembling the North American Indian but seldom of the tall stately appearance one associates with certain American Indians.





The contracting foremen sent into these regions usually contact individuals who in turn can contact others of his tribe thus completing the required number which he anticipates contracting, and thus the terms and conditions are tentatively arranged all of which is held in abeyance until a final meeting at a predetermined point where such labor must appear ready to travel and where the actual delivery of funds is effected after which accomplished the entire group proceed by foot to the plantation and it is quite a sight to meet one of these contingents on the road as they generally travel with the whole family and the greater part of their worldly possessions and while the actual laborers or adults are the principals in the negotiations it should be noted that even the smallest child of a family that is capable of reaching the lower branches of the coffee trees is obliged to assist in the daily collection of coffee to fill the required quotas or tasks and thus assist in the liquidation of indebtedness undertaken by the adults of the family.

The type, color and general make up of the garments worn by the Indians are indistinguishably the same for all of those from the same tribe or district, therefore it is possible to identify the source or region to which each individual belongs and each tribe speaks a very different language or dialect of the Indian Language therefore direct communication between the various tribes is very limited and due to the fact that very few of these Indians speak Spanish each group before departure from their native haunts. Invariably assure themselves that one or more of their number can speak Spanish and thus serve the rest of their group as interpreters in all the necessary negotiations with the coffee plantations owners.





When each laborer has completed the coverage of those amounts which are advanced by the plantation owners, he must before taking leave from the property secured a release from the proper authorities., and during the larger crop seasons these laborers though having covered the total of their obligations are refused releases until the entire crop has been collected and delivered to the preparation plants and such delays quite often incur the necessity of further cash advances which leaves insufficient work to cover such additional advances during the current crops, in which cases these laborers are obliged to continue on at the plantation, until the next season and as the remuneration they receive is so small, they generally find it impossible to accomplish the complete coverage of their remaining balances and thus are virtually forced to continue on at these plantations as "colonists" or laborers who settle indefinitely on these plantations and are subsequently exploited to do an amazing degree or what I would term a "modified form of slavery" and due to the fact that the plantation owner provides shelter and some limited food concessions these colonists are only paid at the rate of from 3 to 4 pesos daily (about 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 10 cents USCY) while all outside contract labor is paid at the rate of 7 to 10 pesos daily, (10 to 23 cents USCY daily.)

In spite of the miserable living conditions under which these Indians live or better said exist and the small remuneration received for their work the greater majority of them are truly good workers and generally complete their daily assignments of work which at the time to which this narrative refers was established on a tarea or task basis comprising a certain square yardage for cultivation, pruning and on a box of certain measurements for crop collections which boxes averaged between 75 and 90



which was the price stipulated by the Indian, and when facts are considered I admit it appears incredible but which is never the less true.

The foregoing covers in a general way those events of two years and in spite of the very chaotic conditions brought about by the world war we were successful in shipping sufficient coffee to San Francisco to liquidate pending accounts and this of course meant the approaching end of my mission to this plantation, but during this time I had acquired a fairly good command of the Spanish Language and learned considerable relative to the production of coffee as well as the marketing processes, therefore after terminating my agreement I proceeded to Guatemala City therefore the express purpose of capitalizing on the knowledge of the coffee business which I had acquired during the preceding two years, but the general strike of the coffee industry created by war conditions, left the market in a deplorable condition and with little one could accomplish in any particular field of coffee transactions therefore after some seven months at various jobs in and around Guatemala City I finally effected a connection with the United Fruit Company at Puerto Barrios and became an overseer of banana plantations in the north eastern coast of Guatemala and thus terminated my first connection with the coffee industry which however was renewed after the termination of the war, and which I continued until 1932.





pounds of ripe coffee cherries.

Due to the fact that the larger part of the work was given out on a Tarea or task basis most of the laboers would start their work on the break of day which would enable them to complete their full tasks by about two o'clock in the afternoon and when collecting coffee this would leave them sufficient time to deliver their coffee collections to a central receiving point and return to their huts by not later than four p.m. each day.

The Guatemalan Indian though generally of slight stature is capable of carrying a very heavy burden for long distances: which is possible according to some interpretations, due to the fact that they never straighten their knees when walking or carrying burden and thus reduce the shock to the nervous system by a cushioning process and in this connection one particular instance I rememver very well as it impressed me to such an extent as compared with similar tasks in America, which was as follows: Upon our arrival at San Felipe we had one trunk which weighed about 175 pounds and we contracted with an Indian to transport this trunk to Quezaltenango, and this individual was not more than five feet four inches in heighth and I doubt he weighed more than 130 lbs. In any event we delivered this trunk to him one morning at about 9 a.m. and he actually delivered the trunk the following day at our house in Quezaltenango at about 10 a.m. carrying it the entire distance on his back supported by a harness contraption across his forehead and here are the facts which establish this as a real accomplishment: San Felipe 1500 feet elevation, the pass over the summit 9000 feet elevation distance 30 miles, weight 175 pounds, time required for the trip a little over 24 hours for which we paid him 23 Guatemala pesos or about (58 cents USCY.)





REPORT OF OCTOBER 24th. 1934

A. Adier

I was born July 2th. 1880 in a covered wagon on the plains of Minnesota. Our family consisted of father, mother, one brother two years old and myself.

My ancestry has been traced, on my father's side to early colonial days, where it was lost. But is believed to be either English or Irish, the latter <sup>being</sup> given preference owing to the spelling of the name. My mother was of Irish descent, the third generation removed from Ireland.

My father was a rail road contractor. At the time of my birth <sup>he</sup> was enroute from Rome, N.Y. to Salem, S.D. where he had contracted to build several miles of road. His party consisted of twelve or fifteen families, including a doctor and a lawyer. All were going west to take up homesteads, work for my father or practice their professions.

There <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ also about twenty men, employees of my father, who <sup>who were to</sup> ~~would~~ look after the live stock enroute and ~~would~~ form the nucleus of his working force on construction work.

The party traveled by train to some point in <sup>e</sup> Eastern Minnesota, where they detrained and a caravan or wagon train was formed for the trek west. At the end of the second week of travel, the caravan made camp on the banks of a small stream. There I was born. Three weeks later the journey was continued.

My father took up a homestead one mile east of Salem S.D. where we lived during the four years it took to complete his contract. During the next four years his contracts took us to Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska where he died in June 1889.



Owing to the failure of his engineers to detect the presence of quicksand in a large swamp to be graded, his entire capital was consumed in an attempt to make this fill.

After his death our family was separated, I going to live with my Grand Parents on my father's side. ~~There~~ I attended school during the next four years. At this time my mother died and my grand parents, having only a small income, <sup>I</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>compelled</sup> ~~left~~ to make my own living.

Having no other known relatives, I secured work on farms during summer vacations. During school months my occupations were varied; some terms I lived with a doctor taking care of his team of horses and driving for him after school and on Saturdays when he made country calls. During other terms I clerked in a hotel, acted as the village lamp-lighter, church janitor and <sup>undertaker</sup> other odd jobs.

I graduated from high school in the spring of 1897. The balance of that summer I followed county fairs, horse week celebrations, <sup>etc.</sup> ~~and~~ making and selling tin type photographs, using a tent as <sup>my</sup> ~~the~~ studio. The following year I traveled with horse and buggy selling enlarged pictures of the crayon and pastel type.

On December 2nd. 1898 I enlisted in the Hospital Corps U.S. Army, was sent to Augusta Georgia where I attended a U.S. Hospital School of Instruction for a period of four months. Upon graduation I was transferred to The Philippines via San Francisco, stopping over three weeks at Honolulu.

I arrived at Manila during the first week of June 1899.

My service in the Philippines was entirely in the field, doing first aid work. I was attached to many different regiments of infantry, cavalry, artillery and scouts participating in their expeditions and engagements.





I made one trip back to the U.S. in charge of some insane soldiers. ~~There~~  
I delivered to the government institution at Washington D.C., returning to  
Manila via; N.Y. City and the Suez Canal.

This trip was made on The Hospital Ship Relief. We stopped for a  
few days at the following ports, Gibraltar, Ceylon, Port Said and Suez, and  
visited the Pyramids and Jerusalem enroute.

I sailed from Manila for the United States in November 1901 via Yokohama, <sup>Yokohama</sup>  
Japan where I stopped over for ten days. This time was spent mostly in  
traveling the surrounding country on horse back in the company of a  
Japanese boy who spoke English and had served on Dewey's Flag Ship. I was  
discharged December 1st 1901 on board a United States Transport. Upon  
arrival in United States, I accompanied a comrade to his home in Minneapolis,  
Minnesota. After two years of school <sup>there</sup> I left to accept a position with a firm  
dealing in industrial and promotional securities. This line I followed  
until the spring of 1917. During those years my work took me to all of  
the principal cities of the United States, with the exception of three or  
four of the New England States, all of which I have <sup>territory</sup> visited numerous times.

In the spring of 1917 I enlisted in the Medical Department, United  
States Army, as a sergeant first class. I was attached to a regiment of  
light artillery, serving two years, of which fourteen months were over seas  
in France, Belgium and Luxembourg. About four months of this time I  
served at the front participating in the St. Mihiel and the Argonne-Meuse  
offensives. I had charge of twenty-four men, doing first aid.

I was discharged June 15th, 1918 returning to my former business, was  
married in August of the same year. I ~~then~~ discontinued the handling of securities  
in 1922, when I established a special edition advertising business, con-  
tracting with various newspapers and periodicals throughout the United





States who made a practice of issuing special editions from time to time.

Conditions were good and money was plenty up until the 1929 crash. Like most of the men in my business I not only lost some money through investments, but continued to put money into the business hoping that each succeeding venture would be a success. This condition continued over a period of three years, depleting <sup>my Savings</sup> ~~the treasury~~. This was followed by illness from which I was incapacitated for almost one year. Upon recovery I found my business at a complete stand-still and that there was no money left. So here I am hoping for an improvement in business in the near ~~future~~ future.

*Guy H. Shaver*  
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1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general  
discussion of the problem. It is shown that the  
problem is of great importance and that it has  
not been completely solved. The author then  
presents a new method for solving the problem.  
The method is based on the use of the  
variational principle. It is shown that the  
method is very simple and that it can be  
applied to a wide range of problems. The  
author then gives some numerical results  
which show that the method is very accurate.  
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by other methods and it is shown that the  
new method is superior to them.

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Having no other known relatives, I secured work on farms during summer vacations, during school months my occupations were varied. Some times I lived with a doctor taking care of his team of horses and driving for him after school and on Saturdays when he made country calls. During other times I clerked in a hotel, acted as the village lamp lighter, church janitor and other odd jobs.

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recovery I found my business at a complete stand still and that there was no money left so here I am hoping for an improvement in business in the near future.





The story of any persons' life is covered completely by a little dash between two dates--in a book or on a tombstone. As for me I was born as most people usually are in the little town of Auburn, California on the 13th day of February 1896. This was a momentous occasion for my parents, myself and Goldsmith who was so impressed by the occurrence he wrote the Deserted Village to sweet Auburn. After many youthful necessities such as diphtheria, measles, mumps, I arrived at the ripe age of 6. I was then rather tired of Auburn, my soul craved broader horizons; ~~people~~ <sup>people</sup> whose heads touched the stars so I persuaded my parents to come to Oakland. There, the family exchequer being rather low, at the age of eight or nine I began selling papers at the little city hall park at 14th and Broadway. Like Jack London I learned very early that a bartender in exchange for a newspaper--doesn't like a little wide-eyed boy to ask for ginger ale. Gingerale costs more than beer. So beer I took--plus much free lunch. The free lunch was very welcome for what I ate downtown meant just that much more for my five sisters and my mother. Selling papers was a very liberal education. I learned much that is not taught in any school--but strange to relate my bump of worldliness is not very large, I still believed in Santa Claus.

At the age of 15 I entered St. Mary's College. I played baseball, ran on the track sang, acted the hero in college plays and otherwise tried to emulate the great Frank Merriwell--idol of the "pink" decade. I was working in newspapers after school and in the night time. It was at this time the great illusion was born in me that I could write. Just wait I swore the world will hear from me someday. The world is still waiting.....

In 1917 America entered the war. From the revolution down one of my direct ancestors has taken apart in every war America has fought. It would have been a shame to break the record. All my relatives told me so. So little Lord Faunterloyle enlisted. Everybody said it was the best thing he had ever done; whether any malice was in this observation I could not determine. While in the army I met a very lovely





... So an officer I became--after these months of training that was very difficult. There were no beers or free lunch at the training camps. The lovely girl and I were married three days before I left for France. We still are--or our four children are somewhat of illusions.

I landed in France two days before the Armistice was signed--which has always been a great disappointment to many of my relatives. The regiment I was with was stationed at Rust, France. We handled the embarkation of troops returning to the states. In 1919 up to Coblenz on the Rhine in the army of some tance. Returned to S.F. in the latter part of 1919 and sold silverware for a couple of years. Though I made a good salary I <sup>tried</sup> of it and went back to the newspaper game. I edited a weekly newspaper for four or five years left it to edit a monthly trade journal. This was around 1928. Left the trade journal to go back to the weekly. Jobs were easy to get. <sup>around</sup> around this time when I was flying high and easy a bad investment and the <sup>short</sup> shattering of my <sup>son's</sup> hip in an auto accident broke me. Almost over night jobs became hard to get. I began going out in the country Paso Robles, editing whistle stop sheets. Around 1931 these jobs began to fade away and with them some of my brains and excessive egotism. In 1931 I still had a little money that was soon gone with 6 people to feed and care for. Then it was any kind of a job. Window washing, scraped out barrels, cleaning <sup>up</sup> basements, proof reading, writing bootleg <sup>ing</sup> advertisements, <sup>pick</sup> and shovel work.

The work I obtained couldn't keep my family. Just before the C.W.A. work started in 1933 my source of supply went broke. Worked on the C.W.A. job for five months. After that S.E.R.A. started and very fortunately I was called to the research work. Looking back from this period of calm the first I have had for many years it is rather difficult to even pick out any one cause that brought me to where I am. In my case I think it was a great many contributing causes, trite phrase. Sickness in the family, doctor's bills, worry, bills, worry bills, bills and more bills.

For the life of me I don't recall very clearly. The change of 1931 was so <sup>trivial</sup> ~~small~~ a one, <sup>or</sup> ~~little~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~nothing~~ of steady work and comfortable living that many things



have been blotted from my mind. <sup>d</sup> After 1931 life became such a hand to mouth affair, jobs were so short, so ~~any~~ <sup>many</sup> and so ruined that it seems as though a curtain had been draw down shutting out the good years. Everything was topsy turby I went here, I went there, I asked for jobs, I worked at this that and the other thing, but if one were to ask me for dates and names it would be difficult to give them correctly. Somehow my family got through my children are very healthy that's the main thing I am thankful for. As far as they are concerned thank goodness the depression has touched them very lightly.

As for me, well I've seen many men with grayer heads and deeper lined faces. I know many who took it on the chin far harder than I did. So what's the use of whining? Tomorrow another day, and if our keeps plugging there's always a chance of something turning up. This can't last forever.



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 journal to go back to the weeklies. So

were easy to get. But around this time when I was flying high and easy a bad investment and the shattering of my son's hip in an auto accident - broke me. Almost overnight jobs become hard to get. I began going out into the country - Pass Pablos, Hungarian, etc. - editing whistle stop sheets. Around 1931 these jobs began to fade away - and with them some of my brains and excessive egotism. In 1931 - I still had a little money - that was soon gone with 6 people to feed and care for. Then it was any kind of a job! Window washing - scraping and hauling - clearing up basements - proof reading - writing hostile advertisements - pick and shovel work etc. - Then I started in borrowing money.

The work I obtained couldn't keep my family. Just before the C.W.F. work started in 1933 - my source of supply went broke. Worked on the C.W.F. jobs for five months. After that S.E.R.F. started and very fortunately I was called to this research work.

Looking back from this period of calm - the first I have had for many years - it is rather difficult to



pick out any one cause that brought me to where I am. In my case I think it was a great many contributing causes - this phrase. Sickness in the family - doctor's bills - worry - bills - worry - bills bills and more bills. For the life of me I don't recall very clearly. The change of 1931 was so terrific a one - after the many years of steady work and comfortable living that many things have been blotted from my mind. After 1931 Life became such a hand to mouth affair - jobs were so short, so many and so varied - that it seems as though a curtain had been drawn down shutting out the good years. Everything was topsy turvy - I went here - I went there - I asked for jobs - I worked at this that and the other thing - but if one were to ask me for dates and names it would be difficult to give them correctly. Some - how my family got through - my children are very healthy that's the main thing I am thankful for. As far as they are concerned - thank goodness - the depression has touched them very lightly.

As for me - well - I've seen many



men with grayer heads and deeper lined faces. I know many who took it on the chin far harder than I did. So what's the use of whimpering? Tomorrow is another day - and if we keep plugging there's always a chance of something turning up. This can't last forever.

Having been successfully born in Chicago, Oct. 14, 1902, of an ailing, nervous mother & an over-worked worried father I lived my pre-adolescent years believing in Santa Claus, God, and what my teacher told me. This led to a very unhappy growing up period in which I took elocution, French, music, dancing, but, alas no necking. Feeling something was wrong I tore myself from these surroundings, went to Chicago at 18, studied commercial art at a bad, expensive school, and lived alone with a girl of my own age in that large hungry city. About this period I discovered Cellini, Freud & Havelock Ellis together with Ruskin, Blake, John Mauley Hopkins & a few artists. Life opened a bit but still I was painfully maladjusted socially.

I became successful very shortly in commercial art, which I hated, met the near-north side - the Greenwich Village - of Chicago, but sophistication escaped me. At 22 something snapped and the doctors pronounced me epileptic, which I am to this day.

At 24 after a 3 months try-out I decided my present husband might be the answer. We married and hitch-hiked across the country to the west coast finally settling in San Francisco where we have been for 7-8 years. It was here that I first started seriously to paint and develop my knowledge of the world of art and literature. My creative powers thrown into this field naturally lessened my learning capacity although decorat



furniture paid fairly well until the fall of 1929, when I was badly burned and laid up for several months. I was cooking my breakfast one morning when a gas valve dropped me onto the gas range, from which I dropped to the floor and lay burning. The smoke awoke my husband in a few minutes, and I was taken to the County Hospital - we never did believe in paying for medical care - where I was very carelessly treated.

On my feet again, the country was off its feet, so for the next few years we lived "on the beach" or with friends, and finally on relief. The experience of really desperate poverty can be taken without thought, or lightly for a time, but during this period my mental operations so often went through violent depressions, causing the epilepsy to increase, or me to attempt suicide, that I have no philosophical love for it. However at the present time my wants are few and easy to come by, I have learned how to enjoy life greatly without expenditure, and I have solved, at least in theory, most of my psychological problems. I think I will be a very old lady, however, before the world has solved even a few of its most basic ones.

What would I like? - to know Gertrude Stein, Cowley, Tate, Williams, Joyce, some of the "west bank", to travel into the wilds of foreign countries and - to paint really fine pictures. I think I may do the last.



815

William D. ...

AMERICAN

My mother was born in Indiana in 1852. She is now 82 years old. Her parents were both born in America of Scotch Irish extract. My father was born in Iowa in 1850 and died in 1915 at age of 65. His parents were both born in Iowa. My great great grandfather, on my father's side came from Germany and settled in Virginia. He was Quarter master in George Washington's army. A town in northern Virginia now bears our family name.

I was born in Bedford, Iowa in 1880 being one of a family of 3 children. I lived in Bedford until 20 years of age. We lived in a large house surrounded by six acres of land which my father owned. He was in the nursery business and specialized in choice fruits for the eastern markets.

I was allowed to earn my own money from my own efforts. My first start was with a large watermelon patch which proved profitable to me. I then invested in 3 stands of bees which multiplied into many stands, this proving a larger net profit, although I experienced many uncomfortable contacts with the bees when they swarmed.

I attended the Bedford elementary and high school which was a mile and half from my home. I graduated at the age of 18.

Being interested in chemistry and always having a desire for experimenting I decided not to attend Drake University at Des Moines, which my father had made arrangements for me to attend. Instead I stayed at home, helped my father and continued with my experiments.

The first thing I did was to build a shed for my work shop where I spent most of my time, and by the end of a year when I was 19 years of age I had developed a formulate for coating metal which prevented rust and was not affected by the extremes of heat or cold.

The following year, 1900, my father sold his property in Bedford and moved



to a home of our own in Des Moines, Iowa.

I soon became acquainted with a Mr. Wagner, Superintendent of the Des Moines Union Railway, to whom I demonstrated the merits of my paint. This resulted in my being given contracts for the painting various iron roofs and a bridge for the railroad. I soon began taking on numerous contracts which developed a reputation for the superior quality of my paint.

The severe winters in Iowa made it possible to work only in the summer months. Being ambitious and seeing the possibilities of my product I decided to go south.

In 1910 I went to New Orleans and there established a factory on a large scale, my father helping me to get established. That same year I had my formula copyrighted.

My method in getting business in volume was to personally give demonstrations to the head officials of large oil companies and railroads, resulting in carload orders. I soon was shipping barrels of paints from coast to coast.

In 1917 I married and made a trip to Cuba and South America. In 1918 I did my share in the Red ~~Cross~~ <sup>Cross</sup> Campaign.

In the spring of 1919 several heavy orders were coming in. I had one faithful nigger "Jim" on whom I could depend on to get extra help when needed. This one time he over estimated and while I was out of town something went wrong causing an explosion and the factory on fire. The office help jumped to safety but the building burned to the ground leaving me a ruined man.

After recovering from my loss I planned on going to California to start my business anew. In 1920 with my wife and daughter we left New Orleans and stopped at Dallas, Texas. While at the hotel a man approached me with an attractive advertising proposition which I accepted. One year with that concern I cleared big commissions. The advertising business was getting in my blood; seeing a high future in that field I undertook to put over a new deal for a fellow who had a wonderful advertising idea. I got the city franchise and o.k. from the railroad commission to put the deal over. A senator, a banker and a real estate





financial deal.

Just when the inventor and I began to realize on the profits these financial sharks sold out at a huge profit and left us out in the cold. I brought suit against them but before the case came to court the senator had been indicted by the state, the banker was jailed for the embezzlement and the real estate man lost his health and I was out several thousands of dollars and much discouraged.

A friend who knew of my sales ability approached me with a proposition to represent an educational institute giving me supervision over the state of Texas which I accepted. I started with them in 1925. At the end of a year they claimed I was the best field man they ever had and began urging to take a better territory offering St. Louis or S.F. which they claimed would net me 8 to 10 thousand dollars a year.

While the earning capacity in Texas was approximately \$6000 and my family with four children were comfortable and happy it took me fully a year before I decided to make the change.

Deciding upon S.F. I left my family in Texas and came alone to S.F. in 1927. I was here two months when I persuaded my wife to come on to California.

My wife and children arrived on the sunshine special and I was sure happy to see them. After 2 weeks at a hotel we rented a house and purchased new furniture and a new car and started housekeeping.

By the end of 1928 I was far from the sum of earning I had been assured me. However, I still had a nest egg ~~from~~ which I could maintain our expenses and contented myself with the assurance that time was required to become established in a new field.

Business did improve for me until the middle of 1930 when the "bottom dropped out" and my firm liquidated leaving me "out in the cold" again.

I sold my new car and eventually other personal possessions, moved into cheaper quarters and opened an office in the Monadnock Bldg hoping to again get on my feet.





Without complaint my life has been to normal life. It was my possibility . . .  
For the sake of our children we were fighting with our "chins up" and not  
doubting that California our new home and environment and would soon realize  
my ability to produce and so give me a chance for my efforts.

By the beginning of 1932 I was becoming very discouraged and my wife was  
becoming alarmed until finally we decided to see the Welfare Dept. at the  
City Hall. When our plight became known S.P. came to ~~our~~<sup>our</sup> aid for which I  
have been truly thankful, even the expense of humiliation and much suffering  
during a 2 year period.

My family is one truly American family that the government has extended a  
helping hand to and believe is trying to pull us out of the ~~dist~~<sup>dist</sup>. That the future  
holds, I know not, but if we live in cycles my time will surely come again when  
I will be happy in giving and making use of my ability.



William Damm

# 1471

Oct. 11, 1934.

My American  
"Myself"

My mother was born in Indiana in 1852 she is now 82 years old. Her parents were both born in Indiana of Scotch Irish extract.

My father was born in Iowa in 1850 and died in 1915 at age of 65. His parents were both born in Iowa. My great great grandfather, on my father's side came from Germany and settled in Virginia. He was Indian Hunter in Geo. Washington's Army. A town in Northern Virginia now bears our family name.

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I was allowed to earn my own money from my own efforts. My first start was with a large water melon patch which proved profitable to me. I then invested in 3 stands of bees which multiplied into many stands, this proving a large net profit, although I experienced many uncomfortable contacts with the bees when they swarmed.

I attended the Belfort elementary and High School which was a mile and half from my home. I graduated at the age of 15.

Being interested in Chemistry and always having a desire for experimenting I decided not to attend Drake University at Des Moines, which my father had made arrangements for me to attend. Instead I stayed at home, helped my father and continued with my experiments.

The first thing I did was to build a shed for my work shop where





I spent most of my time, and by the end of a year when I was 19 yrs of age I had developed a formula for coating metal which prevented rust and was not affected by the extremes of heat or cold.

The following year, 1920 my father sold his property in Bedford and we moved to a home of our own in Des Moines, Iowa.

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In 1910 I went to New Orleans and there established a factory on a large scale, my father helping me to get established. That same year I had my formulae copyrighted.

My method in getting business in volume was to personally give demonstrations to the head officials of large oil companies and railroads, resulting in car load orders. I soon was shipping barrels of paint from coast to coast.

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In the spring of 1919 several heavy orders were coming in. I had one faithful nigger "Jim" on whom I could depend on to get extra help when needed. This one time he was estimated and while I was





5  
out of turn something went wrong  
causing an explosion and the factory  
or fire the office help jumped to  
safety but the building burned to  
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After recovering from my loss  
I planned on going to California  
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I got the city franchise and took  
from the railroad commission to





put the deal over. A Senator, a banker and a real estate man financed the deal.

Just when the inventor and I began to realize on the profits these financial sharks sold out at a huge profit and left us out in the cold. I brought suit against them but before the case came to court the Senator had been indicted by the State, the banker was jailed for embezzlement and the real estate man lost his health and I was out several thousands of dollars and much discouraged.

A friend who knew of my sales ability approached me with a proposition to represent an Educational Institute giving me supervision over the State of Texas which I accepted. I started with them in 1925. At the end of a year they claimed I was the best





field man they ever had and began weighing to take a better territory, offering St Louis or San Francisco which they claimed would net me \$75,000 a year.

While the earning capacity in Texas was approximately \$500 and my family with four children were comfortable and happy it took me fully a year before I decided to make the change.

Deciding upon San Francisco I left my family in Texas and came alone to San Francisco in 1927. I was here two months when I persuaded my wife to come on to California.

My wife and children arrived on the Overland Special and I was sure happy to see them. After 3 weeks at a hotel we rented a house and purchased new furniture and a new car and started house keeping.





By the end of 1928 I was far from the sum of earnings I had been assured me. However, I still had a nest egg from which I could maintain our expenses and contented myself with the assurance that time was required to become established in a new field.

Business did improve for me until the middle of 1930 when the "bottom dropped out" and my firm liquidated leaving me out in the cold" again.

I sold my new car and eventually other personal possessions, moved into cheaper quarters and opened an office in the Monardnock Bldg. hoping to again get on my feet.

Without complaint my wife began to economize in every possible way. For the sake of our children we were fighting with our "climbs up" and not doubting that California





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and would soon realize my ability to  
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the Welfare Department at the City  
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our aid for which I have been  
truly thankful, even at the  
expense of humiliation and much  
suffering during a 2 year period.

My family is one truly American  
family that the Government has  
extended a helping hand to and  
believe is trying to pull us out  
of the mire! What the future holds,  
I know not but if we live in cycles  
my time will surely come again  
when I will be happy in giving and  
making use of my ability.





San Francisco Calif.  
Oct. 9, 1934

## Auto biography of Raymond Tenth

I was born on June 20, 1899 in a section of Chicago which was known as Auburn Park. My father was working on The Chicago Fire Department, which he had joined in 1895. I had one brother who was six years older named Arnold and a sister two years my senior named Gertrude.

When I was two years old, I became seriously ill with scarlet fever and I recovered after a very critical session.

My father's Mother and father were both born in Germany and my grandfather on his side died when my father was still in his infancy. My Grandmother married again and this man had four children. From that there were five children Elizabeth, Minnie, John, Herman and Fred. John died of tuberculosis in 1904. My father was born in 1865 at Chicago and his home was destroyed by the Chicago Fire on October 9, 1871. His education was very negligible but he became very well versed thru his own efforts. His folks moved to a farm a short distance from Chicago and being the oldest son, his help was necessary so that he could not attend school. He left home and worked in Chicago as a Carpenter until he joined the fire department.





My Mother's parents were also born in Germany and came to America in their youth. She was born on June 26, 1864 and was the oldest child of six. Her maiden name was Sonntag and her name was Ida. She had three sisters, namely, Gertrude, Emma and Bertha, and two brothers, William and John. John also died of tuberculosis in 1904. Emma died in 1933. My Grandfather worked in an ice house in the summer and the rolling mills in the winter and the extreme temperatures caused him to become demented and he was committed to State Hospital where he died in 1908. His wife was left with the support of the children.

My father was transferred to Engine Co 48, near the stock yards and the family moved to 37<sup>th</sup> + State St., now the heart of the black belt. His duties were to drive the Fire Marshal's buggy and in that capacity attended all fires of any consequence on the entire South Side of Chicago.

That was in 1903 and that is where my first recollection begins. When I was four years old I was playing on the Street Car tracks when a car came along and somehow I jumped and I was carried a half a block on the fender. The owner of the grocery saw me and I was soundly spanked.

Each Sunday, my sister, brother and I went to Sunday School, Baptist denomination and at four I attended kindergarten at the Raymond School.

My dad was transferred to Hook & Ladder Company

15

1894

1895



No 35 and we moved to the north west side and resided next door to my Grandmother, on my mother's side. Shortly after moving there the Froquies Theater caught fire and more than 500 lives were lost. My Father worked at that fire.

At that time I attend Kindergarten at the Burr School two blocks from where I lived and I can just remember we planted a flower garden and each day we used to cultivate the flower beds and watch the progress of their growth.

In August of 1906, we moved to Logan Square where my folks bought a Cottage and Father transferred to Engine Co. 106. I started first grade in Euondale School and went to 8th Grade in the same school.

Logan Square is also on the Northwest Side of Chicago and adjoins the district known as Euondale.

I was always very active and played a good deal of baseball and other boys games. Baseball being the principal sport, each street group organized teams and organized a league where we played regularly. A few blocks away was ball park where the Logan Square, Semi professional team played. I used to carry water for them and was paid 50 cents and also was admitted to the games. In the summer time a Vonderville Company used to play at the park which amusement





we Children enjoyed greatly.

Each summer, during the ten weeks vacation I either went to Iowa, where my mother's Cousins owned farms, or to Blue Island Illinois, where my father's mother and his brothers and sisters lived.

My parents joined St Lukes English Lutheran Church and we three children attended Sunday School there. I sang in the junior Choir and I was a member for ten years.

My father was a Charter Member of Quondale Lodge #921 A.F. & A.M. and each year the Lodge gave a picnic which was always a gala affair. My Brother sister and I all were good runners and invariably we won prizes in the races. The Sunday School also gave a picnic each year and these were always look forward to with great anticipation.

The neighborhood in which we lived was made up of middle class people, mostly of Irish or German extraction and we knew our neighbors for blocks around. Many social affairs were held among the people of this district.

My Great Grandmother, on my father's side lived with us up to this time and died in 1907 at the age of 102. and as she had never learned the English language well, I became quite proficient in speaking German and from





The 5<sup>th</sup> to 8<sup>th</sup> grades, studied it in school.

Once or twice each year we children were treated to an excursion on Lake Michigan and sometimes our picnics were held on these trips. The trips were either to Milwaukee or Michigan City Ind. or Benton Harbor or Grand Rapids Michigan. Michigan City was popular for its great sand dunes.

On Saturdays the boys would go out to various outskirts of the City and gather flowers berries and nuts according to the season. We also went fishing in the lake or in the Des Plaines River, which is the place where Marquette & Joliet first landed and founded Chicago.

The teachers would often spend a day in taking us to The Chicago Historical Society or the Field's Museum or the Art Institute, which were always of great interest.

Once each year the teachers and parents would meet together in schools. I was always fairly good in my studies but the teachers always said that I had more or less of a nervous temperament.

When my brother graduated from grammar school he would not continue and went to work. First with The Federal Electric Co, then with the Western Electric Co, and finally worked as installation man for The Chicago Telephone Co





<sup>6</sup>  
He later was promoted to trouble shooting and at the age of 21 on May 3, 1914, he fell from a phone pole and was killed.

In 1911 on December 23<sup>rd</sup> a fire broke out in the Union Stock yards in which an ~~Amph~~ naphtha tank at Armour Lard Refinery exploded killing Chief Horn and 38 other firemen. At that time Dad was promoted to Lieutenant. He was then given Charge of Construction work in the Fire Department where he remained 1921.

My sister graduated from grammar school at the age of 12 and from High School at 16. She then took a course in business College and became a stenographer. Later she held positions as secretary in the advertising departments of several well known publications. She married Ed R. Gerhardt in 1918 as he was leaving for France and he returned in 1919.

I graduated from grammar school in June 1914 and in September I went to preparatory College at Weidner Institute at Mulberry Indiana. My parents were trying to make a preacher of me, but I could not quite see it that way. While I was away at school my folks sold the cottage in Logan Square and bought a two flat building in Ravenswood a better section of the City.

I spent 1914-15-16 and part of 1917 at Preparatory College and in April 1917 when war was





7

declared, I enlisted in the U. S. Army.

I enlisted on April 25, 1917 and was sent to Jefferson Barracks at St Louis Mo. and entered the Coast Artillery Corp. and after a week was sent to Fortress Monroe Va. A pal of my boyhood six months my junior and I was 17 years old enlisted together. We were both sent to the same company. 8th Co Fort Monroe or the 168th Co C. A. C. and assigned to Battery Ruggles a 12 inch Mortar Battery. After six weeks there we disassembled these guns to be shipped to France and we anticipated going with them.

On June 10th 1917 we boarded the U. S. Transport Buford at Newport News Va. and sailed for Panama, stopping at San Juan P. R. to pick up two regiments of Porto Rican Infantry for duty on the Canal Zone.

After 17 days on the Transport we arrived at Colon on the 27th of June. I was sent to Fort Amador and assigned to the 45th C. A. C. or the 3rd Company Fort Amador. This was also a 12 inch Mortar Battery. My Buddy Eddie Carlson was assigned to the 5th Co, a 14 inch gun Company.

I took examination and was given a rating of 1st Class Gunner and also 1st Class private. I was on the Company ball team and also





8

played on the Company and Post basket ball teams.

Early in 1918 I was promoted to 1st Class observer and was sent to an outlying station as an observer. This was in the jungles and we, having plenty of time did a good deal of hunting and fishing. Game being plentiful we always had plenty of fresh meat and tropical fruits in season. Our main diversions were poker, black jack and horse shoes.

The wild game was deer, peccaries or wild hog rabbits, squirrel, brush turkey, Snipe, Armadillo, mountain lion, dove, tapir, and iguanas and edible lizard, also snakes of all dimensions.

Many of us would have liked to have gone to France but could never negotiate it.

On May 3 1919 we were sent to Colon and boarded The U.S. Transport Kilpatrick for New Orleans. This was a six day voyage. From New Orleans we went by train to Camp Shelby Miss. where we remained six days and then were sent to camps nearest our residence, for discharge. I was then sent to Camp Grant at Rockford Illinois, 90 miles from Chicago.

I immediately was discharged on May 20, 1919 and found employment as shipping clerk for United Motors Service after four months left for a position as Receiving Clerk at Beckly Palston





an automobile accessory house selling wholesale.

Unable to gain promotion I left and went to Stebbins Hardware Co as stock record Clerk and Correspondent in the purchasing department. I was then offered a position at Otis Elevator Co. in the student course in which, we were to remain in each department for six weeks. On being labor cost estimator in the Construction department, I was kept there 5 months and left as I could not obtain a salary increase or be permitted to continue the course.

I then obtained employment at Montgomery Ward & Co in 1921 as an adjustment Correspondent and left in the spring of that year because of difficulty with the ~~of~~ Superintendent of that department.

I was hired by Morris & Co Packers as a branch house bookkeeper where I remained until 1923, when I was rehired by Montgomery Ward & Co as supervisor of Correspondence and later as Assistant Superintendent of that department.

On January 27, 1923, I was married to Bernice Johnson at Crown Point Indiana as the laws of Illinois would not permit the marriage of minors without the consent of the parents and Bernice was but 19 years old.





Her mother, a widow, but rather wealthy aged for some time but finally gave her parental blessing. She requested that we live at her house which we consented to do. After three weeks that situation did not work out so we moved with my folks.

In January 1921 I joined the Masonic Fraternity at my Dad lodge, Grandale 921. and in 1923 we organized Grandale Chapter #258 P.G.M. and I was made an officer. I passed Chair and became the High Priest in Illinois State in 1926.

In 1923 I was offered a position in Charge of Correspondence for The New England Mills Co., an organization selling auto accessories and electrical supplies to the wholesale trade by mail order. I also took over the Credit department.

A daughter was born to us on October 23, 1924 and named Genevieve and as my salary had increase I rented a four room apartment back in Logan Square.

The first three years of married life went smoothly until, Bernice's mother again became reconciled with us. Then more battle ship.

After a year and one half at New England Mills Co., the owner died and when reorganized I became discontented and obtained employment as office manager for E. C. Ambling Co., wholesale florists.





11.  
In 1926 the Company was in a bad way financially and I was dismissed the general manager, taking over my duties.

I then found employment in Milwaukee Wis. as a Correspondent for Elmer Inc. The largest Candy manufacturing Company in the world. They had a 19 million dollar plant capable of making 650,000 pounds of Candy per day. I was promoted to Credit manager of the South west district and later to general Credit manager.

During the first year my wife remained in Chicago with her sister and afterwards we moved our household goods to Milwaukee. On being unable to agree, she returned to Chicago and filed suit for divorce. It was not contested and she was granted the decree, the custody of the and \$100.00 per month Alimony.

Elmer Inc. closed up and I returned to Chicago and got a job as Credit manager for the United Autographic Register Co. After a few months I resigned as my ex-wife garnished my wages.

I obtained employment as Auditor and Credit & Collection manager for the Continental Chemical Corp. Then at Watseka Ill. 85 miles south of Chicago.





As my wife finally located my address as I was sending my alimony payments thru friends in Chicago, she garnished again and I quit and went to work for the firm, selling floor treatments in Chicago. She again located me and again attempted legal procedure, so I accepted the Sales Managership at Denver Colo., covering Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico.

We became involved in a Commission dispute and I resigned in 1930 and went to Glendale California, where my folks had moved.

In the summer of 1930, my mother met my ex-wife in Chicago and she agreed to forget the differences so the folks in returning to Chicago requested that I return with them.

My father retired from The Fire Department and moved to Des Plaines Illinois in 1923.

Upon my return to Chicago, I was arrested and sentenced to six months confinement in Cook County Jail. On my release a writ of Habeas Corpus was granted to my ex-wife, demanding a cash bond of \$3,000.00 guaranteeing my staying in the jurisdiction of Illinois State. The writ was not served and I returned to San Francisco.

I was employed here with the Pacific Coast Auto Assn. selling auto insurance but because of the depression, I could not earn sufficient for my needs.



I again joined the Continental Chemical Corps now reorganized as the Car-na-vor Corps and in 1932 when the Bonus Army left for Washington I enlisted.

After being thrown out of Washington D. C. we organized a Camp at Gettysburg Pa. and shortly afterward I returned to S. F. via Chicago, where I did not tarry long.

I obtained some work with Car-na-vor Corps on industrial floor jobs and in May 1933 I returned to Chicago for a visit to the World's Fair.

I returned to San Francisco in August 1933 and I have been here since doing very little work. The balance of the time does not require explanation.

Respectfully

Raymond Teuth





1207

(Life on the Barbary Coast.)

Was on my way to the end of the Golden  
State of California. I was leaving New York,  
the place where I was born & raised. I was  
18 years old, had worked hard & saved  
money. Had saved 2500 Dollars. & was going  
to California & buy some of California land  
as an investment. (To my sorrow I did not  
do so.) Well, as I said, I was leaving  
New York west by the way of New Orleans.  
By Boat & from there west by train to the  
Golden State. Arrived in San Francisco some  
Part of February, 1910. was disappointed  
first when I saw what San Francisco looked  
like I expected to see a wild Western city  
but got over that soon. To me San Francisco  
looked like New York. Every body going  
through life just like the birds to back.





in New York. Well here I was, + so had to make  
the best of it. got located at a small  
Hotel on Broadway. spent a few days  
looking the town over. + rest up over my  
long journey. made up my mind that I  
got to do something. can't lay around  
+ do nothing. money was going out. not  
coming in. although I had just some money  
left. so I started out one morning to look  
for a job. I thought that would be well  
for me to do + later on I would see  
what I was do to better myself. I did not  
come to California to get a job, I came  
out here, to go in some business for  
myself. as I was told back in New York  
by people I had met that California  
was the coming country for young men.  
I got a good job in New York, to



come out here. - I intended to make a  
good try of it out here. Well I hunted  
the first day all day for a job. but  
nothing doing. was looking for a Salomonian  
Position as that was the kind of work I  
was doing in New York. Went out the  
second & third day - still no job in view  
could not understand it. where ever I  
applied for a job the answer was un-  
satisfactory. I finally run across one man  
that I applied for a job & asked him  
what was wrong with me. I was good & all  
He told me in a few words what was  
wrong. first he said, you come from the  
east. the people out here don't like  
eastern people, in order to get by  
out here. You have to be a native  
in other words you have to be born





+ raised out here + you must have  
a local reference, to show you have  
been employed out here, for some time.  
I thanked the man, for what he told me  
+ went away. That afternoon I boarded a  
street car + went to Golden Gate Park.

I was thinking things over. How was  
I going to get started. The truth the  
people out here, did not care about me.  
So I finally decided I would have to  
lie, to get a job. so I decided  
from now on I am a native of California  
that was the only thing left for me to  
do. I knew no one out here, I was  
a stranger in a strange land.  
So the next morning out I set, to get  
a job. + I did. + I lied plenty.  
was a good talker, + I put it over.





got a job as a Salesman. My  
Salary was to start with ~~was~~ 125 Dollars  
a month + commission. was satisfied  
with that for the present. I made good  
with the company I was with. in fact  
I did better + sold more goods than  
some of the sales. men. that was with  
the company longer. I worked for this  
Company for 2 months + they were well  
Pleased with me. but I myself was  
dissatisfied it was not the things I wanted  
to do. I had higher ideas + wanted to  
do bigger things. So I resigned + left  
the company. Nothing new in view, but  
I had at least ~~a~~ a local reference, if  
I needed it for the future.



I loafed around for a few days doing  
 nothing, finally one afternoon I met by chance  
 a young fellow that was from the east  
 & he was out of a job, & ~~was~~ looking  
 for work. He was about 2 years older than  
 I ~~was~~. about 20 years old. I called him  
 Bill for short, his first name was William.  
 Well Bill & I became great friends. We would  
 both go out & look for work & at evening.  
 one night he said to me, lets go out  
 & have a good time maybe our luck will  
 change well. I agreed, to go. he  
 had been around before, so knew where  
 to go. Bill says to me, lets go down  
 to the Barbary Coast. & see life. I did  
 not know what he meant by Barbary Coast  
 so he took us the red light district.  
 Where there are plenty of girls & we  
 can have a good time.





Well I went with him down to the Barbary  
 coast. I did not tell him that I never  
 visited such places before in my life. If  
 I did he would of laughed at I keep quiet  
 & went where he went. We went down to  
 the Barbary Coast after 10 P.M. & he  
 said the night life don't start before mid/night.  
 I was glad in a way to see some things I  
 knew sooner or later. I would have to learn  
 & know more than I did. So here we were  
 walking up Hamoy St. that led us into  
 China town, & the red light district. There were  
 Saloons, crowded dance halls, & I could see the  
 passing by girls who were making money  
 singing & dancing. We just walked around  
 for awhile taking it all in. To me, this was  
 some thing new. as I said before I never  
 was in a red light district in my life.





I rather enjoyed the nights. I was talking  
 in. I was young, full of life, & my  
 blood was no different from the rest of the  
 boys at my age. Finally Bill said to me  
 lets make a few rounds of these joints.  
 in other words lets go in some of these  
 places which we had. The first place we  
 went into was a small cabaret. There was  
 a bar, a small dance floor, & about 10 or  
 12 girls sitting around. We sat down by  
 a table & Bill ordered a couple of  
 Beers. I let him do all the talking & I  
 just looked on - acted nice, with me a few  
 movements & a couple of girls came over to  
 our table, asked us if we cared to dance.  
 Bill being a happy go lucky fellow  
 said sure, lets dance. So he took one  
 of the girls to dance. The other girl over



wanting for me to dance with her, but  
I said I am sorry, but I don't know how  
to dance. but if she would sit down & sit  
down. & have a drink with me, which she  
did. we talked for a while. of what I don't  
remember, I was all excited. I was hoping  
Bill would get through dancing & come &  
sit down. which he did just then. as the  
music had stopped playing. I was very glad  
to see him sit down by me. Bill ordered  
more drinks we drank Beer. but the girl  
ordered wine, & some times ordered whiskey.  
The girl that was sitting with me, was rather  
nice looking & pleasant to talk with. but  
the girl Bill had was loud & boisterous with a  
hoarse voice. But a jolly girl, I learned  
from the girl that was with me, that





she was new in that game, but only been  
 in such a place only a short time & I knew  
 her for she certainly did be have very nice  
 in fact I thought so. as the evening drew  
 on. we talked & drank my girl said to me  
 you are a funny fellow, you just sit &  
 talk, you don't seem to like me, I just  
 look at your friend his full of life &  
 having a good time with his girl which  
 he was. He had his girl on his lap  
 & was hugging & kissing her while I  
 just sat & looked on. I wanted to do  
 the same thing, but I could not  
 just get to do it I was backward  
 & shy. I finally said to my girl  
 I don't like to act that way in





a public place. But if we alone, you  
 would think different of me. She just  
 laughed, reached over, put her arm round  
 my neck & kissed me. Well I am not  
 say I did not like it. for I did.  
 So I sat close to her, took her in  
 my arms & it sure did some thing  
 she looked at me after awhile & said  
 O boy you sure know how to kiss  
 My girl finally said to me, honey you  
 haven't been around much your self. I can  
 see that. Now I'll tell you what we will  
 do. You boys don't got to much  
 money I can see that. If you stick  
 around here you have got to spend  
 money buying drinks. Now for boys  
 that is if you care to come



Back here, at closing time, about 7.2 M  
 + you + I will go out by myself +  
 spend the rest of the day to myself  
 + have a real good time. + it won't  
 cost you one cent. I agreed to do  
 that. Bell's girl was different. I found  
 out later she was out for money  
 + Bell did not care to spend the night  
 with her. So Bell left me, wished me  
 good luck + went off. I met my  
 girl at 4.2 M. that morning. + we  
 went. I spent about 15 hours with  
 her. I was so happy as I certainly  
 did enjoy myself with her. I left  
 her at the Hotel that night. +  
 promised to see her again later  
 but never did. as Bell told me





+ advised me to stay away + I did.  
a couple of days went by, did nothing, just  
ate, + Slept + went to showers. as I still  
had some money I had no desire to look  
for work. I was thinking of the wonderful time  
I had a few days ago. I could not get it off  
my mind. I had heard men speak of sowing  
those wild oats. + I was just starting to  
sow my wild oats + I rather liked it. I kept  
after Bill, to go with me, we were bound  
to the Cabany Coast. The hammer + hand  
+ finally gave in. So down we both went  
again. I wanted to see more, + take away things  
in. He did not go in to my Cabaret  
But we went on a tour of the real red  
light district. Now that was something to  
see. The streets were narrow, men of all  
walks of life were walking up + down





74  
The houses in these narrow streets were  
all sporting houses, each street had some-  
thing different in one street you would find  
all French girls, & on another street you  
would find American girls, & on another  
Chinamen - Japanese, Spanish & etc.  
each nationally by it self. We visited  
most of these places, each house had  
from 10 to 20 girls, & all I saw a  
man was 12 dollars to have a good time  
as the saying was. What I liked & enjoyed  
most was the creature houses. We went first  
into a Chinese House. In order to  
gain entrance you had to ring a door-  
bell, a colored maid would open the  
door, she would look at you, to see  
if you were able to spend money in  
more than one house.



that House. I stayed in the room  
for a good time in a Oriental House  
so the ruff raff could not come in.  
But we went in. The House was formerly  
beautiful all Oriental. we were welcomed  
a beautiful Reception room. then we were  
met by 5 or 10 pretty little girls who I  
called them. all Chinese girls dressed in their  
custom. we picked the girl we wished she  
in turn, led me to sit with her -  
begged me to sit down. asked me if I  
would eat something or drink some tea  
I said I would take some tea. then the  
china doll got down on her knees, bowed  
her head to the floor several times  
got up, took her way out of the room.  
Returned soon, with a tray, Pot of Tea,  
she got down on her knees and more





close to my chair, & started serving me  
tea, she stayed in that position until  
I finished my tea. spoke to me in very good  
english. & I was rather surprised she  
did not hurry me in any way. Now in the  
other houses, why you come in look for  
girl went to her room, stayed there  
a short time - then you were through.  
But here, things were different. You were  
treated like a prince. I must of spent  
~~at~~ all most 2 hours in the house, before  
I left but it was worth the price.  
The next night I called at a Japanese  
House, the fee was 500 Yen - the  
best meals was about the same as the  
Chinese House. But I will forget there  
little Painted Dolls, all dressed in Oriental  
fashion, & the courteous treatment, then you are





Well I had taken on most of the sporting  
houses. & it was the same thing, or almost  
I say, the same song & dance. Well  
I tried of that. So one night next  
slumming again. There was one place  
a large Cabaret. It was run by  
an ex sailor man. It was a Casino  
Place. it was called Italian Hall.

It was a place where people came down  
to see some sights. The night I was  
there. why I saw women & men in evening  
gowns. men in full dress taking in the  
sights at Italian Hall. If you were a  
sight seer you were ushered to the  
Balcony where table & chairs were for four  
& you had to drink wine by the Bottle.



which cost 50 cents a ticket  
 down stairs on the main floor, was for  
 the rough men & women. mostly Sailor  
 Boys. there they could dance with the  
 girls that worked there. after you danced  
 with a girl you was lead to a bar  
 & you had to buy the girl a drink. the  
 cheapest drink was two bits. [Twenty Five cents]  
 If you had no money, & you danced with a  
 girl, the girl would sell the Bunch over  
 & he would beat you up & throw you out.  
 every 2 hours they would put a special  
 show on. all doors were closed  
 lights out. on the stage would  
 appear a girl, no clothes on  
 nude all the way & she would





Put on a dance, + what kind of  
 a dance, it sure was a rotten +  
 Vulgar dance. But the boys hauled  
 their heads off for more. That was  
 one bad house. If you had no  
 money to spend while you were there,  
 you was put out + if your money  
 run out, or the waiter shot changed  
 you, + you made a howl about it.  
 out you went on your ear, with a  
 good beating to it. The girls that  
 worked there got 50 per cents of what  
 you spent on her. Besides if you  
 had plenty of money you could make  
 a date after closing hours + take her  
 out. The girls were most of the time  
 good + drunk.





The life of the girls was hard.  
most girls had sweet hearts. I  
would say & call them Mac's.  
That is, what the girls,  
call these men. Some Mac's had  
5 to 10 girls. O. yes the girls had  
to turn over most of the money they  
made. If not they would get a good  
beating & some times was put out of  
the way for good. Well I had seen  
enough, had enough of that life  
& it was doing me no good so  
I decided to stay away. It was  
hard for me to do that. So one  
day I go to Bill let gets



out of town, go some where  
start fresh & clean. Which we  
did. we left & went east. Bill  
wanted to go South but I did not.

So we parted good friends & we  
each went our own way.

Ten years later I came out to  
California again, found things  
different, was much older than  
I was when I first was here.

Yes the Battery Coast is  
closed now. & a good thing it  
is. a Bad Place for a young  
boy or girl to be. That was life  
in my younger days. I am 45 years  
old now.

John Cannon.





Born on a cattle ranch in North Dakota, Nov. 10, 1897. The nearest town was Jamestown, about fifty miles distant. My father was the owner of the ranch which was a spread of about twelve thousand head at that time. When I was six years of age my mothers health necessitated a change so my father sold what holdings he had and moved to San Francisco. After some few weeks stay we moved on to San Diego, California. At this place we went in for real estate on rather a large scale and in the panic of 1908 went broke. At this time he ~~went~~ to work as a conductor on a rail road operating in Mexico, the meanwhile I stayed in San Diego with my mother except for a period of about a year when I lived in Mexico leaving there during one of the insurrections. I attended grade school in San Diego up until the fifth grade when I left public school and attended a private school which operated under the auspices of the Methodist church. I graduated from the grades in this school and was sent to the University of Pasadena, ~~but~~ <sup>however</sup> finding that I was not suited to the course for which I was taking preparatory work, (the ministry) I went back to San Diego and entered the San Diego Public High School, where I stayed until the completion of the Junior year, when war was declared and I enlisted in the United States Navy at the age of eighteen. I was sent to Mare Island, California and then attached to the U. S. Frederick, an armored cruiser. From Mare Island we proceeded south along the coast, through the Canal and on to South America, our mission being the capture of the Seadler which at that time under Capt. Von Luckener was playing havoc with American and allied shipping. We made our head-





quarters at Balia, Brazil, coaling and getting our supplies there and steaming day and night stopping all vessels in our search for the German raider. Sometimes we alternated our home port and getting our supplies from Capetown. After about a year we came north, (an interesting incident at this time was the fact that we coaled and supplied from the U. S. S. Cyclops, We left her at Bahia, Brazil, she steamed north with a personnel of about 600 men and has never been heard of to this day). We came on to New York after three trips to France conveying troop ships, I asked for, and was given a transfer to the U. S. Armed Guard, I was sent to the Armed Guard barracks at Norfolk, Va. where with my gun crew, I was assigned to the Sun Oil tanker, Santa Maria running oil into Espesia, Genoa and Piso, Italy from Port Auther, Texas. On July 7, 1918 we were torpedoed off the Gibrialter and lost our ship, were picked up and eventually landed back at Morfolk, Va. for replacement of clothing, etc. I went out on a sister ship of the Santa Maria, made two more trips and on Jan. 4, 1913 was discharged from the Navy at the U. S. Naval Hospital at Portsmouth, Virginia with an honorable discharge.

I returned to my home at San Diego, California and after a few weeks went to work as a Purser on the S. S. Ramona, owned by the San Diego and Coronado Ferry Co, My wages were being \$175 per month, I stayed at this work until 1922 when I resigned and went to the Ishmian S. S. Co. in San Diego where I acted in the capacity of freight checker and tracer at a wage of \$1.00 an hour, eight hours a day, and as much overtime as I cared to put in. I stayed here until July of 1924



when I was appointed to the U. S. Immigration Service at El Centro, California at a wage of \$1860 per annum, In Dec. 1928 I held the rank of Patrol Inspector and in this same month I transferred to the Customs Service as a Mounted Inspector of Customs, taking the position of assistant to the Chief at San Diego, The reason for the change being that the hot climate in Imperial Valley was not the best climate to raise small children and both of my children were under the care of a physician due to the climate, and Also the Chief of the Customs Service at San Diego was an old time friend of mine. In April of 1931, the Collector of Customs of the San Diego district died and as the position held by my chief was appointive, he resigned and as the result of a general shakeup I found myself stationed back in the Imperial Valley. At this time I applied for and was granted a transfer to the Dept. of Justice and was sent to San Francisco and attached to the Bureau of Prohibition where I stayed until June 30, 1931. When, due to the Presidential order of June 10, 1933 abolishing the Bureau, I was placed on an indefinite furlough until such a time as a position could be found for me, At this same time there were twelve hundred civil service employees furloughed in the same manner. My salary in this position was \$2300 per annum with personal expenses limited to five dollars a day. After being furloughed from this department I worked at several temporary positions and on January 22, 1934 I received word from Washington that if I cared to go in training at McNeils Island Federal Penitentiary





for duty at the new Alcatraz Prison that my name had been submitted for the position, ~~so~~ On January 24, 1934 I reported at the Prison for duty. The training course consisted of four hours a day arduous physical drill in the morning, and three hours study of the outlines of sociology and in fact everything from Sumner and Keller's Science of society, to Blackmer and Gillent, Todd, etc. After about four months of this I failed to pass the rigid physical examination and came back to San Francisco, where on the 23th of September I received notice to appear before an examining board for an examination to resume my duties in the newly created Tax Unit of the Alcohol Bureau. At this time all of the former Dept. of Justice employees who were attached to the former Bureau of Prohibition, were called for this same examination, we will not know the results of this examination for a period of four to six weeks. I find the period through which I have gone and am now going, (unemployment and the neccessity for requesting relief) is rather deadening to ones pride and unless care is taken the effects upon ones character is not very salutary, and I can think of nothing worse than to become accustomed to being an object of charity.

R. V. Armstrong





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"I attended grade school in San Diego up to the fifth grade when I left public school and attended a private school which operated under the auspices of the Methodist church. I graduated from the grades in this school and was sent to the University of Pasadena. However, finding that I was not suited to the course for which I had been taking preparatory work, (the ministry) I went back to San Diego, and entered the San Diego High School, where I stayed until the completion of the junior year, when war was declared and I enlisted in the United States Navy at the age of eighteen.

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owned by the San Diego and Coronado Ferry Company. My wages were one hundred and seventy five dollars a month. I stayed at this work until 1922 when I resigned and went to the Isthmian Steamship Company, in San Diego where I acted in the capacity of freight checker and tracer at the wage of one dollar an hour, eight hours a day, and as much overtime as I cared to put in. I stayed here until July of 1924 when I was appointed to the United States Immigration Service at El Centro, California at a wage of eighteen hundred and sixty dollars per annum. In December 1928, I held the rank of Patrol Inspector and in this same month I transferred to the Customs Service as a Mounted Inspector of Customs, taking the position of assistant to the Chief at San Diego. The reason for the change being that the hot climate in Imperial Valley was not the best climate to raise small children and both of my children were under the care of a physician due to the climate. Also the Chief of the Customs Service at San Diego was an old time friend of mine. In April of 1931, the Collector of Customs of the San Diego District died and as the position held by my chief was appointive, he resigned and as the result of a general shakeup I found myself stationed back in the Imperial Valley. At this time I applied for, and was granted a transfer to the Department of Justice and was sent to San Francisco and attached to the Bureau, I was placed on an indefinite furlough until such a time as a position would be found for me.

At this same time there were twelve hundred civil service employees furloughed in the same manner. My salary in this





position was twenty three dollars per annum with personal expenses limited to five dollars a day.

"After being furloughed from this department I worked at several temporary positions and on January 22, 1934, I received word from Washington that if I cared to go in training at McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary for duty at the new Alcatraz Prison that my name had been submitted for the position. On January 24, 1934, I reported at the Prison for duty. The training course consisted of four hours a day across physical drill in the morning, and three hours study of the outlines of Sociology and in fact everything that Turner and Keller's Science of Society, to Blacker and Gillett, Todd, etc. After about four months of this I failed to pass the rigid physical examination and came back to San Francisco where on the 28th of September I received notice to appear before an examining board for an examination to resume my duties in the newly created Tax Unit of the Alcohol Bureau.

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"I was born on a cattle ranch in North Dakota, November 10, 1897. The nearest town was Jamestown, about fifty miles distant. My father was the owner of a ranch which was a spread of about twelve thousand head at that time.

"When I was six years of age my mother's health necessitated a change so my father sold that holding as he had and moved to San Francisco. After some weeks stay, he moved on to San Diego, California. At this place we went in to real estate on rather a large scale and in the panic of 1900 went broke. At this time he went to work as a conductor on a rail road operating in Mexico, meanwhile, I stayed in San Diego with my mother except for a period of about one year when I lived in Mexico with my father, leaving there during one of the insurrections.

"I attended grade school in San Diego up to the fifth grade when I left public school and attended a private school which operated under the auspices of the Methodist church. I graduated from the grades in this school and was sent to the University of Pasadena. However, finding that I was not suited to the course for which I had been taking preparatory work, (the ministry) I went back to San Diego, and entered the San Diego High School, where I stayed until the completion of the junior year, when war was declared and I enlisted in the United States Navy at the age of eighteen.

"I was sent to Mare Island, California and then attached to the U.S. Frederick, an armored cruiser. From Mare Island we

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proceeded south along the coast, through the canal and on to South America, our mission being the capture of theessler which at that time under Captain Von Luckener was playing havoc with all American and allied shipping. We made our head quarters at Bahia, Brazil, coaling and getting our supplies while there and steaming day and night stopping all vessels in our reach for the German raider. Sometimes we alternated our home port and getting our supplies from Capetown.

"After about a year we came north, (an interesting incident at this time was the fact that we coaled and supplied from the U.S.S. Cyclops. We left her at Bahai, Brazil, she steamed north with a personnel of about six hundred men and has never been heard of to this day.) We came on to New York after three trips to France conveying troops ships, I asked for, and was given a transfer to the U.S. Armed Guard. I was sent to the Armed Guard barracks at Norfolk, Virginia, where with my gun crew, I was assigned to the Gun Oil Tanker, Santa Maria running oil into Naples, Genoa and Pisa, Italy from Port Arthur, Texas. On July 7, 1918, we were torpedoed off the Gibraltar and lost our ship, were picked up and eventually landed back at Norfolk Virginia for replacement of clothing etc. I went out on a sister ship of the Santa Maria, made two more trips and on January 4, 1918 was discharged from the Navy at the United States Naval Hospital at Portsmouth, Virginia with an honorable discharge.

"I returned to my home at San Diego, California and after a few weeks went to work as a partner on the Steamship Navina,





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Your paper brightens my life  
Thank you

I was born in a small  
town in Iowa Oct. 15<sup>th</sup>  
1888.

My father was born  
in Wales, of Welsh  
and English descent.  
He came to the U.S.  
where he was in a  
business and went on  
the coal mining business.

The family consisted  
of four of us - father,  
mother, a daughter and  
myself. I was the youngest  
of this family and was  
raised as a protestant and  
presbyterian child getting  
my way in most every





Things. A surgical tool.  
 Always getting  
 hurt. Started out when  
 I was one year old  
 falling off a chair with  
 a meat saw and  
 cutting my throat  
 nearly severing the  
 jugular vein. Other  
 serious accidents  
 included, broken arm  
 legs, three automobile  
 wrecks, Train wreck,  
 and fire and explosion  
 and a great many  
 smaller ones.

The prediction was  
 that I would die with





very little on, meaning  
I would be killed  
some day.

Studied music  
and dancing and  
when I was fourteen  
was considered a  
good musician with  
a wonderful future.

I graduated from  
Hogbe school at the  
age of sixteen and  
was given a three  
year scholarship at  
Tsakie University as  
a present.

Up until this time  
there had only been



me draw back in  
my life and that  
was that I was  
tied to close to my  
mother's apron string  
I had every thing  
but freedom. I wanted  
to do as the girls  
do today and of  
course they thought  
I was too wild as  
I was watched over  
closely.

A great many  
actors came from  
my home town. The  
Paytons had a large  
stock company in





New York.

One of his mother  
friends he saw me  
down and asked  
my mother to let him  
take me back to N.Y.  
with him and his wife.  
Of course my mother  
refused and then was  
when I made up my  
mind that what I  
was of age I would  
go on the stage.

The summer after  
my graduation I played  
the piano for the local  
moving picture shows  
and for the road shows.





that came <sup>to</sup> the opera  
house.

When the University  
started I went but she  
looked for freedom went  
there because I was placed  
in the home of a  
friend of my mother's  
and that was more  
restriction.

I began to look  
for a way out so the  
only way I could see  
was to get married  
so that is just what  
I did.

I left college and  
went to live in Chicago  
from there my husband



took a position as  
a board member for  
a trucking co. but  
this didn't last long  
as they passed a  
law in Texas where  
we were that they  
were illegal so he  
went to work for  
the Gulf Paper Co  
as a telegraph  
operator. They sent us  
out on the oil field  
to live. It was a  
long drive up as  
I decided to go to  
work.

I started ~~playing~~





playing piano again  
at the Opera house and  
from here I finally  
got on the stage.

The first week I  
began working in  
stock companies came  
to town with out  
a piano player so  
I played for them  
and at the end of  
the week they ask  
me to join them  
until they could get  
some one from Chicago  
so I did.

The next week





one of the women quit  
 and as there was no  
 one to take her place  
 I prevailed upon them  
 to let me try out and  
 as I made a success  
 the first night they  
 gave me all her parts  
 but it didnt last very  
 two months because  
 they went broke and  
 I was stranded.

Next I joined another  
 stock co and played  
 the summer at San  
 Antonio, Texas

In the mean time



my husband went  
back to Chicago to  
work for the rail road  
and is still a Chief  
Dispatcher on the  
same road.

I quit the Company  
and found him but  
the old motherless son  
came back and I  
left again with  
a large production  
paying me night  
stands.

When the season  
closed back to Chicago  
I came.

This time my mother





father and husband  
set their foot down so  
I started playing  
pipe organs for the  
theatres in Chicago

I made a salary  
of \$100 — a week  
but I wasn't satisfied.

I hadn't been home  
for a couple of  
years so decided  
I would go, and the  
next turning point of  
my life started.

Hadn't been home  
a week until an  
old company I knew





Came to town.

It was a Haffner's  
show

I met the manager  
and he told me he  
was sailing for  
Honolulu in two  
weeks and in four  
I said How about going  
along. He said O.K.  
he pulled out a  
contract and said sign  
from the spur of the  
moment I did.

The next thing was  
to get away with out  
a ~~scene~~. So I started  
back to Chicago but



didn't go. Joined the  
 group and instead

I had decided by  
 this time to get a  
 divorce. I was still  
 looking for freedom

It may be interesting  
 to know that most  
 of these shows are  
 fakes. and to know  
 how they are worked.

For instance I was  
 placed in a store  
 window playing piano  
 continuously for twelve  
 hours supposed to be  
 put asleep. There was  
 nothing more than  
 an endurance test





Also another thing was  
to play selections through  
mental suggestion.

This was accomplished  
by signals and ear flaps  
connected to the peddles  
of the piano. Then  
blind fold driver, was  
driving a team of  
horses blind folded  
over a route some one  
had driven before you.

Of course it was a  
trick blind fold and  
there was always some  
one in the crowd to  
give you a signal on  
the turns. He were





10  
we Hon. <sup>10</sup> ~~three~~ months.

From there we  
sailed by the way of  
the Fiji Islands to  
New Zealand, Landing  
in Auckland. Planned  
all the principal towns  
was in New Zealand  
four months. Then we  
sailed for Australia  
Landed in Sydney.

Planned Adelaide, Brisbane  
Melbourne, and Sydney.

By this time the  
strain was to much  
so decided I would



leave and come home.

Came back by the way of the Society Islands stopping at Tahiti for two days.

Arriving in London I started preparing plans for the Fifth Cape located at the corner of Ulster and Market, but only worked three weeks when my father sent for me to come home.





On arriving home  
 I promised my  
 parents I wouldn't  
 go back on the  
 stage and as I didn't  
 want to stay home  
 decided to try to  
 live with my husband  
 again. Which I did  
 for four years. but  
 couldn't make it  
 so I finally  
 got a divorce.

That meant going  
 back to work again





I started playing the  
piper again again  
and went to live  
at a hotel.

While at this  
hotel I met my  
present husband.  
and in a year  
was married again.

We went to New York  
to live but only  
stayed there months  
as my husband  
developed tuberculosis  
and we left for  
Denver. In one  
year he was well



We came to California  
arriving in Los Angeles

I was contented for  
the first time in  
my life with one  
exception my parents  
had disowned me  
for getting married to a  
Jew.

My father had  
passed away while  
we were in Denver  
and left me out  
of his will.

My bus had again  
broke back, with a  
complete nervous breakdown





of which he has  
never entirely recovered  
About two years ago  
my mother had not  
spoken or written  
to me, so I decided  
to drive back and  
see her, she made  
up and I was  
happy I did go  
for just one year  
later she passed away

What little that  
was left of my father's  
large estate was left  
to my brother his boys  
when he had gone through





at all. I didn't blame  
her as her life hadn't  
been happy but  
that is another story.

The depression has  
hit us hard. Through  
no fault of our own  
and we are just  
suffering. If it wasn't  
for the D.C.R. we  
wouldn't be doing that.  
so we have no one  
to turn to.

The end I suppose  
will be the old folks  
home unless there  
is a pension for



old father.

Now for the reason  
I attribute my net-  
lessness too. My mother  
didn't want any more  
children. She was  
very young & married  
to a man seventeen  
years older than  
she was, set in his  
ways and was ready  
to settle down, so when  
he passed away she  
was free to do as she  
pleased for the first  
time in her life.  
And as I said before  
that is another story.



11

Back in 1914 I was doing a hitch in the United States Hospital corps, Stationed at the Presidio of San Francisco, California. We being a corporal on duty as ambulance driver was hanging around the "Officer of the days" office waiting for something to happen. Back in those days the Army Field Ambulance was pulled by four mules, but we had just got a motor field ambulance, which of course every man who could drive wanted to try out. Well as I said my buddy and me was hanging around when a call comes in to meet the 2 o'clock boat from Alcatraz Island which was bringing some prisoners over for treatment. There was nothing out of the way in this call as we was in the habit of picking up some of the boys from over on the "Rocks" every day or so who wanted to break into the Hospital to get a rest and some good chow.

Because there being no rush and because the Serg. in charge of the O.D.'s office wants to try out the new car, I gets left in charge and he takes the call with me buddy. About an hour after they left up drives an old touring car to the front of the Hospital right out side the O.D.'s office and in rushes a young fella all excited and yelling something about an accident. I jumps up and runs out, ther'ds the old car standing there a jumping and a jerking with legs and arms a just sticking out all over her. I runs back to the office and pushes the button for the litter squad and then go back and starts pulling the boys out of that old car. I've seen many a bloody mess including some mixes we had with the Moro's over in the Philippines down around Jolo, but I never saw anything like this was.

I got the Serg. and me buddy out with the help of the fella who was driving the car by the time the squad got there. There was five others, the patients from the "Rock".

After we got them all to the operating room two of the men from the "Rock" were dead, the Serg. after months in bed came out with out a left arm and me buddy's right leg was five inches short. Two of the other prisoners got by O.K. and the others died after about ten days.

The accident had happened when Serg. had seen that two of the men that he got at the dock were badly hurt. So he stepped on the "gas" and with the sirene wide open he headed out Greenwich street, at a cross street the moterman on a street car heard the sirene when he was right in the middle of the street and stopped.

The ambulance hit the all steel street car right smack in the middle. The kid with the old car was right there at the time so he was pressed into service and you know the results.

It was in checking up on one of the men that had died that I ran into this yarn.

In 1890 or thereabouts two boys were born to two families living near Naples, Italy. One family lived by fishing on the coast, the other by farming near by on a small farm, both were very poor. At the age of seventeen both of these boys were conscripted into the Italian army and served for four years with honor. It was while in the army that these boys met for the first time and being in the same company serving in the Alps became fast friends.

After being discharged the boy of the fisher folks induced his farmer friend to go to sea, which they did on a boat sailing to New Orleans. When they arrived in America, they decided that the United States was a great place so they jumped the ship and hid in the city until it sailed away for Italy.

After knocking around in New Orleans for a few months without much success at finding work they decided to join the United States Army. Both boys could read, write, and speak English fairly well as they had taken a course while in the Italian Army. In those days anyone who could read





and write could get into the army without any questions asked. In a short while they found themselves in a small cavalry outpost on the Mexican border in Texas. About the only thing to do at these outposts after coming off duty was to drink, gamble, and dance in the Mexican resorts along the border.

The Army Paymaster on the border at that time used to visit the outpost from the main Post once a month to pay the soldiers off, in a light stage drawn by four mules without any armed escort, and carrying up to \$20,000 in gold.

One day a paymaster was held up by two armed men and robbed of \$14,000. Of course the usual investigation in such matters was gone through with, and it was finally decided that the robbery was committed by Mexican bandits who infested the border at that time.

The very next month the same paymaster at the same place was held up by two men and \$16,000 was taken. Then there was another investigation. Every soldier on that part of the border was called on the carpet and told that the authorities knew that he had done the job and that he might just as well confess, they had no success until they came to the Italian who was born a farmer. He confessed, implicated his friend the fisher boy and showed them where all of the \$30,000 was buried in the desert.

They were court marshaled and sentenced to life imprisonment, the farmer boy going to Alcatraz Island and the fisher boy to Leavenworth, as the latter had sworn to kill his friend for telling on him, all this happened in 1910.

After nearly four years the fisher boy was transferred to Alcatraz for some unknown reason.

The farmer boy had been working in the quarry on Angle Island with fifty or more prisoners. The fisher boy learning of this asked to be assigned to the quarry which the prison officers were glad to do as this work was very hard and they had hard work finding men who could stand it.

The quarry was a large hole where the prisoners worked and the armed guards stood on the top of the hole looking down on them.

The first morning that the prisoners from Leavenworth went to the quarry he picked up an ax and walking over to his one time friend and sunk the ax into his head and as he fell he pulled it out and hit him again in the head a glancing blow and then as he lay on the ground he threw the ax at him which also hit him in the head. All this happened very quickly and before the guards knew what had happened, he started to run, the guards then fired on him and he went down with three bullets in his head and five in his body. All this happened at nine o'clock in the morning and it was these men we were ordered to pick up on the two o'clock boat the same day. The man who was shot had died in or right after the accident but the other prisoner lived for ten days, and was conscious up to the time he died but would not say a word except to cuss every body who tried to do anything for him.

I was present at the autopsy and the doctors could not see how the man had lived to hit the ground from the first ax blow, let alone the other two or the auto smash. The first blow had gone through his skull and into his brain nearly two inches the second through the skull but not into the brain and the third had gouged a piece out of the skull.

Thus died two friends from Italy.

Stanford L. Haskell.



Handwritten signature: *Handwritten signature*



SFH 23

PAUL RADIN PAPERS: SERIES II / AMERICANS: ANTHROPOLOGICAL

1/5

PAUL RADIN  
SERIES II  
AMERICANS  
ANTHROPOLOGICAL



